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The Shape of Things

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HALF A LANDSLIDE IS BETTER THAN NONE, but the Republicans cannot take unmixed comfort from the Maine results. Paul Ward has pointed out that in every campaign since 1892, with one exception, when the Republican margin in September has failed to exceed 25,000 the Democrats have captured the White House in November. But here are three widely variant margins. The Republicans elected a governor by a majority of some 40,000 votes. They elected three Congressmen by majorities under 20,000, thus giving the Republicans two more votes in the House. Senator White was reelected by less than 5,000 votes, although he made an anti-New Deal campaign. To be sure, his rival, Governor Brann, has been a popular candidate in the past—in this fight he carried twelve of twenty cities, including Lewiston, the home city of both men. Moreover, he did not run as a New Dealer —on the contrary he expressly stated some weeks ago that the New Deal was not an issue. In both cases there were complicating factors. Senator White has supported New Deal favors to Maine, and Governor Brann grew less specific toward the end in his attitude toward the New Deal. Certainly the Maine election this year can scarcely be taken as a conclusive guide to the November outcome. The Republicans can point to the 40,000 lead in the governorship; the Democrats can add up the three sets of figures, divide by three, and get a majority smaller than the crucial 25,000. It is just possible that rural rock-bound Maine is losing its significance as a political indicator for urban industrial America. Meanwhile it is a pleasure to record that Georgia has sent the cracker-dictator 'Gene Talmadge to a well-earned obscurity. We shall be spared his presence in the Senate, and he has given place to a new governor in Georgia.

*

IT WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION THAT THE National Progressive Conference in Chicago would indorse Roosevelt's candidacy. It is in the light of 1940 that its manifesto and personnel take on significance. The manifesto in tone and content is the expression of a group of sincere progressives hoping to bring about genuine democracy by democratic methods. The principles it sets forth are unimpeachable; what it lacks is a quality to be found, for instance, in the utterances of John L. Lewis, a will to power which might galvanize the progressive forces of the country into a fighting instrument. Between the hopeful general program of today

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and a specific winning candidate in 1940 or 1944 lies the primary job of organizing labor industrially and educating it politically. It is encouraging to find that 27 of 100 persons who attended the conference were labor-union officials, giving to the meeting a higher degree of specific gravity than has been noticeable in former progressive gatherings. But the mere fact that the conference so wholeheartedly indorsed Roosevelt indicates at least one variety of danger that besets its path. The Democratic Party will make every effort to keep the progressives captive; it will concentrate especially on labor and its leaders, who have a long tradition of yielding to political blandishments. The industrial–craft-union dispute can be used to aggravate this tendency. The task of the progressives lies mainly in the lower ranks of labor's organizations. Can they overcome the barrier of political as opposed to economic freedom which has hitherto separated progressive leaders from their logical supporters—labor and the farmers?

*

THE LOSS OF SAN SEBASTIAN AND THE PORT of Pasajes, while expected, is the most serious defeat suffered by the Spanish government since the first week of the civil war. As a city San Sebastian is of little significance, being primarily a resort town, but with Pasajes it gives the rebels a much-needed opening to the sea. In contrast to the situation at Cadiz, where the navy has enforced a reasonably effective blockade, the government is helpless to prevent supplies from coming in from the north. On the other fronts Madrid appears to be holding its own. Despite the use of airplanes manned by German and Italian aviators, the rebel offensive at Talavera seems to have been checked. Elsewhere the stalemate continues, with the government profiting by the delay to train and equip its citizen militia. The danger of active foreign assistance to the rebels has increased as a result of the breakdown of the non-intervention conference at London, but in the end such aid may prove a boomerang. Nothing is so likely to coalesce the entire nation against the military clique as the knowledge that the latter's battle is being fought almost exclusively by Moorish mercenary troops supported by foreign munitions and money.

*

A SINO-JAPANESE WAR LOOMS AS A POSSIBLE outgrowth of the settlement reported to have been reached between Chiang Kai-shek and the Kwangsi militarists. Although the agreement has been hailed in Nanking as strengthening the power of the central government, it is apparent that Chiang, under tremendous popular pressure, has conceded everything of importance demanded by insurgent leaders. Nanking troops are being removed from the border areas, where they had been sent to prepare for an attack on Kwangsi; the members of the Kwangsi faction have been reinstated in the Nationalist Party and given positions of responsibility in the civil administration; Chiang Kai-shek's arch-foe—Tsai Ting-kai, leader of the famous Nineteenth Route Army—has been put in command of one of the Kwangsi units with financial assistance from Nanking. It is probable that Tsai Ting-kai has Nanking's support in refusing to permit Japanese naval authorities to investigate the murder of a Japanese subject at Pakhoi. Alarmed by the wave of anti-Japanese sentiment which has culminated in the slaying of three Japanese within a fortnight, Tokyo is reported to have suddenly softened its demands; but its position is rendered difficult by a revival of activity on the part of the fascists, who are demanding a more vigorous policy toward China. Similarly, Chiang has been embarrassed by the sudden appearance of an anti-Japanese Communist army, 70,000 strong, at the gates of Titao in Kansu. With the governments of both countries under strong pressure, developments may be expected momentarily.

*

THE THIRD WORLD POWER CONFERENCE served to dramatize the difficulty of obtaining the full use of our natural resources in a profit-making society. The conference was supposed to be highly technical in character, devoted to the problem of how to increase man's command over nature. Actually, as Mr. Coleman points out elsewhere in this issue, the gathering was confronted at practically every session with the futility of seeking to expand our power resources as long as private interests throttled consumption by exorbitant rates. In the interest of "fairness" the utility magnates were allowed a period of time equal to that of the sponsors of public ownership. The result was hardly elevating. Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, sought, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, to prove that the rates of municipal power companies are higher on the average than those of private companies when taxes are taken into consideration. His figures on the publicly owned plant at Los Angeles were immediately challenged by two Los Angeles engineers, E. F. Scattergood and William Peterson, who accused Carlisle of using "incomplete figures, so carefully selected" as to be "decidedly on the side of misrepresentation." The struggle against the utilities will not be won on the debaters' rostrum, but the sooner the average American realizes that he must choose between cheap electric power for himself and profits for the utilities the sooner the showdown will come.

*

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* IS A GREAT NEWSPAPER. As a "red" friend of ours remarked only recently, it will be a shame when the revolution comes because it will probably be necessary to suppress the *Times*. We should sorely miss those unbelievable front-page names—Will Moscow, Hugh Byas, Otto D. Tolischus—heading the stately columns of news that cover the world as it has never been covered before. We should miss the voice of Augur (speaking for the British government over a world-wide hook-up). We should even miss the Monday reports of Sunday sermons with their quaint headlines: Swearing by Women Found on Increase; Science Is Blamed for Moral Chaos; Sees God "Put in Attic." Until September 11 we never thought we should miss the editorial page. On that date our copy of the *Times* walked up the stairs by itself

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and broke down the door; taking its stand, it flew open at the editorial page and shouted these words at us above the roar of campaign speeches and Spanish guns:

> Once we suppress the right of free speech and assembly for any group, however small or obnoxious, we violate the basic principle of liberal democracy.

The *Times* was speaking of and denouncing George U. Harvey, a local martinet who happens to be Borough President of Queens, New York City, for refusing a request of the Queens Communist Party for a permit to hold a meeting in Jamaica Town Hall. Since then a judicial martinet, one Supreme Court Justice Paul Bonynge, has taken his place beside Mr. Harvey as a violator of the Constitution. He has upheld the ruling, to the loud cheers of the American League Against Communism. The *Times* has taken up the cudgels in defense of civil liberties not a moment too early. They must not be laid down, especially since Mr. Harvey has now expressed his determination to take the Communist Party off the ballot. We know of no other single force, at present, which could dislodge the two little dictators in Queens as quickly as a few well-placed *Times* (editorial) bombs.

*

LAST WEEK SCIENTISTS WERE MEETING ALL over the place and announcing results which are vaguely disturbing to the layman even when, as seems so often the case, they offer the solution of problems he didn't know existed and hold out hopes for the cure of diseases he didn't know he could have. Most of us, for example, did not know that any number can be expressed as the sum of not more than four squares; so most of us were probably just a little better off before we heard that one of the learned men meeting at Harvard can demonstrate the fact in 120 hours. Slightly more immediately arresting were the pronouncement of a doctor at the American Council of Physical Therapy meeting in New York, who issued a solemn warning against cold baths, and that of two other savants at Harvard who contributed the news that the beauty of the human body depends upon electricity and that the "engineer" which controls the development of an embryo can be transplanted from one to another and continue to boss the job in its new environment. If, on the other hand, you are more interested in abolishing idiocy by dietary methods, keeping alive after the suprarenal gland has been removed, or producing a substitute for choline, then the meeting of the American Chemical Society at Pittsburgh is the place for you. Choline, or its equivalent, which we need imperatively even if we didn't know we had it, can be got either from the bile of cattle or—at the rate of one-tenth ounce per ton and a half—from mushrooms. Eye of a newt and toe of a frog. . . .

*

REAR-END PLATFORM APPEARANCES FROM Kansas to Maine and "fireside chats" from Hyde Park and Washington have alike been empty of reference to one of the gravest issues confronting the American people today. It remained for one of that despised race, the professors, to grasp the nettle of the Constitution, to point out that we are facing a "constitutional crisis of unpredictable gravity," and to suggest a solution. In his lecture on the Constitution at the Harvard Tercentenary, Professor Corwin said we must choose between the Constitution as symbol and as instrument. Today it serves as symbol and as such is static, a taboo, a thing dead on its feet whose function is "the protection of private advantage as against the public power." But it is as an instrument of public power to create a "feasible national existence" that the Constitution was thought of by the men who made it, and into such an instrument we must remake it now. Professor Corwin quotes Governor Landon as saying that "the Constitution was not framed to give us anything but to protect inherent rights already possessed." The very opening words of the document indicate how prejudiced is this interpretation. They show that the Constitution was meant to *do* something, not to stamp, seal, and ratify something already done. But we cannot remake it by thinking of it as a thing inviolate and perfect. Whenever he heard a eulogy of the Constitution, said W. H. Crawford, one-time Presidential candidate, he felt "an involuntary apprehension of mischief." What we must do, says Dr. Corwin, is to change our idea of the Constitution, "enlarge our idea of power to include economic power," and then the court will inevitably follow. Freed of the fear that the ax will drop, creative national legislation may really function.

*

NEWS FROM LONDON INDICATES THAT WHILE England may have conquered half the world in a fit of absent-mindedness, she can concentrate hard when she wants to. Today three vital issues absorb her: the rat menace, what to wear for the coronation, and was that really a sea monster off the coast of Norfolk? The monster was seen galloping through the water at ninety miles an hour by an ex-Lord Mayor of Norwich, an ex-Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and an ex-M.P., who were all walking on the beach one day (which is rather suspicious in itself). But some fishermen found that on close contact the black humps of the serpent dissolved into clouds of sea birds. As for the rats, there are two kinds, brown and black. While the Rats and Mice (Destruction) Act of 1919 was all right for the brown or sewer rat, the black rat (who is really brown too, but who has a *long* tail which he wears curled *over* his ears) continues to gnaw at buildings unmolested. This is pretty awful, and the London *Times* and its readers are daily telling each other how terrible they feel about it. Meanwhile cloth designers are anxiously trying to work out a "satisfactory red, white, and blue blend" in patriotic designs for women's tweeds in preparation for the Great Occasion next spring. But their dilemma is as nothing to that of the pottery makers. They are afraid that if the King marries before he is crowned they will have to replace all the mugs they have made bearing his portrait with others picturing both him and his consort. So Lloyds' has been approached for insurance against the sovereign's marriage and is for perhaps the first time in its history at a loss about what to do.

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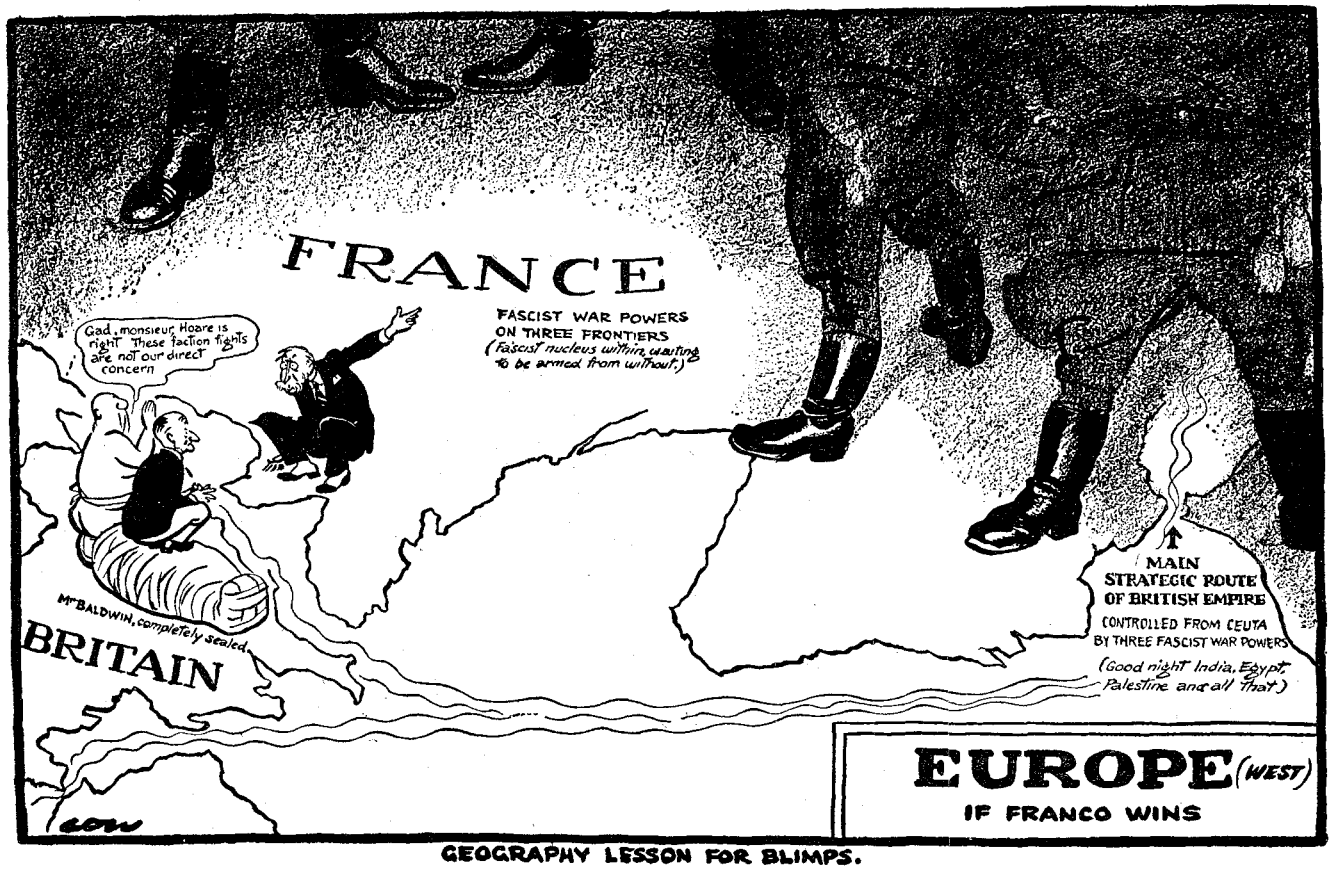
Democracy in Retreat

IF any doubt remained regarding the gravity of M. Blum's blunder in proposing non-interference in Spain's struggle, it has been swept away by the events of the past week. Internally, his action has destroyed, possibly for all time, the unity of the Front Populaire. Although the Communists have declared that they will not allow the issue to provoke a break with the Blum Cabinet, the wave of strikes developing throughout the country presages more than a mere governmental crisis. It is not impossible that France, like Spain, will be plunged into civil war because of the shortsightedness of its Popular Front government.

The most serious repercussions, however, have been in the international sphere. As might have been anticipated, the neutrality pact has been a complete fiasco. Representatives of twenty-six European nations gathered in London on September 9, nearly eight weeks after the outbreak of the Spanish revolt, but their efforts to devise a method for international limitation of arms shipments to Spain were thwarted by the obstructionist attitude of the German and Italian delegates. Portugal, which has been the chief offender against neutrality, was not even represented. Recent reports indicate that all three fascist countries are still actively engaged in aiding the Spanish rebels, while France and the democratic nations are consistently refusing to assist Madrid. Thus the Socialist Premier of France finds himself in the unenviable position of initiating a policy calculated to overthrow the Socialist government of Spain.

An even graver repercussion of Blum's policy could be seen during the past week at Nürnberg. Spurred by the paralysis of the democratic powers in the Spanish crisis, fascism has very definitely seized the offensive in Europe. Whereas a year ago the world was talking of welding an iron ring around Germany and of imposing drastic sanctions on Italy, it now appears to be fearfully awaiting the day when the fascist armies will march. The Nazis' fanatical opposition to bolshevism is scarcely news, nor yet is their desire to make a new place in the sun for the Reich. But the lengths to which Hitler, Goebbels, and Rosenberg have gone in denouncing the Soviet Union indicate an arrogant self-confidence hitherto lacking in the Nazi leadership. Hitler's reassertion of the German demand for colonies at this moment is a further indication of his contempt for the democratic powers.

Responsibility for the weakness of democracy in the present crisis does not lie entirely with M. Blum. As in the Ethiopian conflict, the British government has trembled at any action which might lead to war. Doubtless this recent timidity is due partially to the sudden discovery of England's vulnerability to air attack. But it appears to be primarily the result of a sharp division within the ruling class regarding the value of democracy itself. Winston Churchill, for example, has declared in reference to the Spanish crisis that no "constitutional and parliamentary regime is legally or morally entitled to the obedience of all classes when it is actually being subverted and devoured


FRANCE
FASCIST WAR POWERS ON THREE FRONTIERS
(Fascist nucleus within awaiting to be armed from without.)
Gad, monsieur Hoare is right! These faction fights are not our direct concern
Mr BALDWIN, completely sealed
BRITAIN
MAIN STRATEGIC ROUTE OF BRITISH EMPIRE
CONTROLLED FROM CEUTA BY THREE FASCIST WAR POWERS
(Good night India, Egypt, Palestine and all that.)
EUROPE (WEST)
IF FRANCO WINS
LOW

GEOGRAPHY LESSON FOR BLIMPS.

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from day to day by communism." He adds that "a constitutional government . . . must prove itself capable of . . . protecting life, freedom, and property." Paraphrased, Churchill appears to be saying that he favors democracy only as long as it preserves capitalism. And if we are to judge by actions, many of the British conservatives would qualify their oath of allegiance to the king to make it apply only as long as the demands of patriotism did not conflict with property interests. For how else can one explain the fanatical zeal with which many of the Tories have supported the Spanish rebels when it is evident that a rebel success would spell the end of British domination of the Mediterranean?

The French and British governments are in a most unenviable position. They have a choice of seeking to patch up a non-intervention agreement which would actually prevent fascist assistance to the rebels, or of admitting their error and throwing their full assistance to the legal government of Spain. If non-intervention could be made a reality, it would undoubtedly be of value to the Spanish government, since the rebels could not carry on without foreign aid. But if there is any method, short of blockade and war, by which Italian and German assistance can be stopped, it has not been disclosed. There is real danger, moreover, that half-hearted attempts to enforce such a pact will lead to growing friction until the world is plunged into a war to preserve neutrality. On the other hand, grave risks are involved in an active support of Madrid even though such action is clearly permitted under international law.

But this policy is dangerous only if Germany or Italy is desirous of an immediate war. This, as Mr. Stewart points out elsewhere in this issue, is extremely unlikely in view of the fact that both countries are facing a serious if temporary shortage of strategic raw materials. Meanwhile, war will not be averted by surrendering all the positions to the enemy in advance. Fascists have only contempt for conciliation and compromise. If democracy is to survive in any country it must turn and face the enemy. As the events of the past few weeks have clearly shown, the enemy is not to be found only in Germany and Italy, but is already intrenched within the gates of democracy.

The Row Over Milk

NEW YORK'S battle over milk continues. On September 4 the three largest distributors announced an increase of one cent a quart to consumers. The consequent protests made some 8,000 retail stores continue the old price of eleven cents. Upstate, the farmers of twenty-nine counties have banded together and threatened a strike if their price of $3 a hundredweight of fluid milk is not met. And the distributors have already granted the farmers an increase of from $2.70 to $2.87 a hundredweight.

At the meeting in Albany on September 12 before Commissioner of Agriculture Ten Eyck, at which the farmers' demands were presented, Governor Lehman tried to pour oil on the troubled milk while the decision of the Milk Control Board was being formulated. If it could be established that the cost of feed had increased owing to dry weather, the Governor thought that the farmer was probably entitled to a higher price; but it must be remembered, he added, first that milk was a necessity, and it was very doubtful if the consumer would stand an increase, and second that a higher price would mean a smaller sale, with the farmer losing out in the long run. This argument would seem to leave the farmer about where he is today at the same time that it ignores the basic difficulty of the milk question—the middleman. Recently, when the Milk Control Board announced a twenty-five-cent increase for the producers, Dr. Shirley Wynne, spokesman for the large dealers, was quoted as saying, "This increase will bankrupt the distributors." Perhaps Dr. Wynne spoke too soon. In 1931 the National Dairy Products Corporation (Sheffield) earned 18.36 per cent on invested capital; in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, it earned 10.74 per cent; and in 1935, having traversed the hard years, it still earned 8.92 per cent. Since its organization in 1924 the company has never ceased to pay dividends. For the first six months of 1936 National Dairy netted $5,928,095, almost twice the sum for the corresponding period last year. In 1935 the president of the company received a salary of $108,680, and nine other officers received salaries ranging from $35,500 to $60,733. Borden's, though a smaller company, presents a comparable report. As early as April, President Milbank of Borden's declared that the company expected to increase its earnings in 1936. With such financial statements these companies still claim that in order to pay the farmer a larger price they must either take an extra cent from the consumer or face bankruptcy. But these facts Governor Lehman did not mention.

The farmer complains not only that he is paid too low a price per hundredweight of fluid milk. He objects also to the "classification price" under which his milk is sold. This is the process of paying a certain rate for all milk sold as fluid milk and a much lower price for "surplus" milk used in the manufacture of ice cream, cheese, and so on. The distributor, however, decides how much milk will be paid for as surplus. The average price to the farmer per hundredweight in July was, according to a member of the Dairymen's League, $1.76.

The consumers have already banded together to protest the extra cent per quart. Headed by the Consumers' Union, a Milk Consumers' Protective Committee has been formed, representing settlement houses and church and consumer groups. The New York Department of Health has been publishing a list of retail stores at which milk can be bought at the old price. But it is equally necessary for the farmers to unite. If their demands are not met, as it seems unlikely they will be, a strike may serve to dramatize the issue sufficiently to bring the producers and the consumers closer together. Only by exerting pressure above and below can the middlemen be squeezed into a conciliatory frame of mind. But the real solution, as the consumers recognize, is either consumer cooperative distributing plants or a municipal milk supply. The consumers' committee has already requested Mayor LaGuardia to establish a city pasteurization plant as a yardstick for distributing costs.

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Faking the Spanish News

WHEN we read in our daily papers accounts of the civil war in Spain we rarely stop to question their sources. *The Nation* has received a communication from an American correspondent in Europe telling something of what happens to the news as it passes over the wires on its way from Spain to the American headlines. As he is still active as a journalist, our informant, who has had ten years' experience in Europe with both agencies and individual newspapers, must remain anonymous. We reprint his letter here, without comment, save for some exhibits from the American press which may serve to illustrate his story.

"For seven weeks I have spent fifteen hours a day watching the news of the Spanish civil war pour over my desk and I have finally reached the point where I must let off steam or burst. What has eaten into this fairly thick hide, strengthened by something like a decade of reporting from Europe, is the complete tossing overboard of all standards by American correspondents in the reporting of the Spanish war. Competition has long been eating at the dikes of the professional scruples of foreign correspondents, so that there has always been a premium on sensationalism. But that does not excuse the technique of simply inventing a story in cold blood to catch the headlines; and it is all the more maddening because that system has been greeted with complete success. The news agencies are the greatest offenders. They are battling for the headlines and the headlines go to the most sensational story. I am in a position to know fairly well what goes out of Europe, and it is my opinion that many of the sensational stories carried by at least one news service are written, not in Europe, but in New York. It is amusing to read them on this side of the water when the New York papers arrive ten days late. Day after day the papers carry smashing headlines which have been proved false one or two days after. But by then the new fake is being bannered across the front page and the old one has been forgotten. No one apparently notices these daily fabrications. Denials and corrections are not news.

"From Spain, of course, no true stories at all can be filed. Neither the government nor the rebels permit anything to go out that is not completely biased in favor of the side that is doing the censoring. Correspondents, therefore, rely mainly on three other sources: Lisbon, in complete sympathy with the rebels; London, cursed by a press entirely without scruples; and Paris, where almost any paper can be bought for a picayune sum. One would have thought that credulity regarding atrocity stories had ended with the last war. But all the hoary anecdotes are with us again. It suffices for the *Daily Mail,* for example (perhaps the most vicious of all the English sheets), to print the story that the government forces have filled a cell with women and children, doused them with gasoline, and set them on fire, for every paper in the world to pick up the story as sober truth on no further authority than that one prejudiced and unscrupulous paper has printed it. I have interviewed many refugees myself and heard a variety of horrible tales—all hearsay. In not one case had anyone actually seen any atrocities.

"The average newspaper reader never seems to remember what he reads for twenty-four hours. He may have read the vivid Associated Press story describing the heavy artillery bombardment (from Pamplona, which would indicate that the rebels possessed replicas of the Big Bertha which fired on Paris!) preceding the attack on Madrid, which began at dawn and appeared on New York newsstands some ten hours before dawn in Spain—the result of a slug 'hold for release' having been dropped off in transmission—but he failed utterly to note the next day and the next and the next that there hadn't been any attack on Madrid. He may have read how President Azaña had fled to Valencia on his way out of Spain because all was lost but honor, but it did not occur to him that there was any discrepancy with the news two days later that Azaña had left Madrid to review the troops along the Sierra frontier, returning to the capital in the evening. Can anything be done to end the barrage of fake stories? Nothing, I think, as long as the newspaper reader continues to accept everything that is printed and divests himself of whatever critical sense he may ever have had."

"I See by the Papers—"

The New York *Daily Mirror*

Slaughter All in Rebel Drive. August 18

Reds Execute 6,000. Spanish reds tar bishop, then burn him at stake. August 23

Rebels Claim War Won! Seize four-fifths of Spain. Fall of Madrid imminent. August 25

President Flees Madrid. Azaña a virtual prisoner in Valencia, where he went to take ship. August 26

Reds Start Murder of 3,000 foes. September 2

Reds Slay 120 Girls. Thirty priests slaughtered by radical mobs. September 3

Plot to Drag U. S. into War! September 3

The New York *Evening Journal*

Shots Peril Knickerbocker. Red shots rake car of writer. August 21

Rebel Victory Sure Says Knickerbocker. September 1

Reds Torture Soldiers, Women, Children, Berlin Paper Reports. Spanish Communists nailed prisoners and pierced women and children to fences and then set them afire. September 2

114 Monks Massacred Says Knickerbocker. September 9

The New York *American*

Reds Sink Ship Loaded With Priests and Nuns. Horrors of French Revolution surpassed. August 26

The New York *Herald Tribune*

Defeat of Loyalists Predicted. Their cause desperate. August 24

The New York *World-Telegram*

500 Hostages Burned Alive in Spain. August 17

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Campaign Gossip

Washington, September 14

EACH Presidential campaign kicks up its own cloud of anecdotes, and the time has come to set down some of the current ones. The teller of the first one is a leading Kansas financier, a Landon intimate and adviser, and the warmest Landon supporter I encountered at Topeka. In case doubts later assail you that he is a true friend of the Republican Presidential nominee, let me emphasize that the gentleman is also a contributing member of the Liberty League.

I had asked him to tell me about Landon as a human being, and he had reached a point in his discourse where he referred to Landon as "frugal." He emphasized the word in a way to indicate he meant something more than frugal and gave me cause to express a mild astonishment, which accelerated my friend's discourse. "Is he frugal?" he fairly snorted, his voice rising. "Is he frugal? Say, I guess I shouldn't tell this but I can't help it. You know, he gets $20,000 or $30,000 a year from his oil properties and he's very comfortably fixed, but I could never live the way he does. Why, do you know, back in 1932 when he had just been elected Governor or was about to be elected, his first child by this present wife was born. Now, Theo, his wife, she's a mighty fine girl, daughter of the town's leading banker, been used to living, if not luxuriously—'cause we don't live luxuriously out here—at least living well. Well, when that first kid was born, do you think he'd buy her a nice baby carriage? Not on your life. D'ye know what he did? He went out and paid $2.25 for a second-hand baby carriage!"

Indignation had nearly robbed my friend of breath by the time he ended this tale establishing Landon's claim to the Coolidgean mantle, and I sought to give him a breathing spell by setting off against his narrative one of my own. I said that a few days earlier there had departed for the East a New York journalist and that, on the eve of his departure, Governor Landon had presented a five-pound box of candy to the journalist's wife, a former show girl. The financier groaned. "I'd suspect the worst, I'd suspect the worst," he said.

It was also from a Topeka banker and ardent Landonite that I collected another anecdote casting light on the Republican nominee's character. This gentleman was trying to impress me with Landon's stubbornness. He said that once Landon had made up his mind, there was no power under heaven that could change it. To illustrate, this money changer told how Governor Landon a few years ago had been persuaded to address a bankers' convention and had insisted on including in his speech an attack on the House of Morgan. "What could he possibly have against Morgan?" I asked, incredulity in my voice. The banker made haste to assure me that Landon had nothing against Morgan. "It was," he said, "just a piece of demagoguery. Landon felt he had to stick in something like that for public consumption." Then, he went on to tell how he had labored to get the Governor to erase the passage, and how other Kansans had joined in these labors but to no avail. He narrated these labors in detail because he was rather proud of Landon's resistance and, after all, he had referred to Landon's stubbornness as one of the Governor's chief virtues. But he could not bear to leave the story there and hide how, through his own agility, Landon finally was overcome. He said that when it became certain that no local influence could persuade Landon to omit the attack on Morgan, he, the banker, had called up a certain Eastern gentleman, who thereupon had telephoned Landon "in his usual diplomatic way" with the result that the Governor immediately struck the name of Morgan from his speech. The banker had referred by name to this successful Eastern intermediary, and I asked who the gentleman was. "Oh," he said, "I thought you knew. Why, he's the Washington 'front' for ——," and he named the president of one of the Morgan banks at New York.

So far the campaign has added nothing to the store of Roosevelt anecdotes unless the story of the circumstances surrounding his acceptance speech at Philadelphia can be placed in that category. You doubtless read at the time many highfalutin stories attaching profound significance to the manner in which the President delivered that acceptance speech. Some found in its slow and measured pace tired and discouraged notes, which they immediately interpreted as symptoms of defeatism. Others interpreted its pace in terms of deep religious and even messianic significance. And there were others who—but there's no need to lengthen the list; the important thing is that all the interpreters were punditical and no two agreed. And the truth of the matter is that the manner affected by President Roosevelt in delivering his acceptance speech had no political significance whatever. In the great stadium where he spoke, the amplifiers down at the far end threw back his phrases at him seconds after they were uttered, and he had to affect a slow deliberateness in order to keep from seeming to himself at least to be making two speeches at one and the same time. The moments before the speech was delivered were no less unhappy for the President than the acoustics which accompanied the address. As he sat on the platform trying to compose himself for the most important address of his career, Philadelphia's Mayor Wilson insisted on pouring into his ear the minutest details of the city's preparations to guard against the President's being assassinated, details about the thousands of cops stationed about the stadium, the thousands of fire-

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fighters reinforcing them, and the machine-guns on the roofs. Then, to make matters worse, Senator Robinson, who was to speak four minutes in introducing Roosevelt, lost his manuscript and spoke only one minute, thereby catching the President unawares. A few minutes earlier Roosevelt nearly had lost his own speech, for as he came up the ramp to the platform one of his braces came unfastened and his son, kneeling to fasten it, put down the manuscript he was carrying for his father and a gust of wind scattered its pages among the feet of the trampling throng of ward-heelers and Roosevelt worshipers.

It might as well be told here, too—since years hence in some debunking biography it surely will be told—how the President of the United States first met the President-pretender, Landon. They bumped into each other at Des Moines last month as Landon was coming through a doorway marked "Men." Roosevelt said, "Hello." Landon said, "Hello." And that was that. As a matter of fact, it was not the first time they had met. Landon had been a White House visitor in 1934, and the Republican boast that he gave Roosevelt his drought-relief ideas is based upon that visit. But there exists in the office of one of the most violently anti-New Deal newspapers incontrovertible proof that Landon made so little impression upon Roosevelt at the time that he later could not recall ever having seen the Kansan, and his memory failed him on this score under circumstances in which there was no political advantage for him in feigning forgetfulness.

Journalists trouping with Landon come back to Washington bringing word that—no matter how thoroughly publicized by Hearst and others the Kansan may have been—a great many Americans do not know his name and many of them that think they do call him "Langdon." The rest, they say, refer to him as "that other fellow." Those who repeat this observation with chagrin take delight in telling that near Rapid City, Iowa, the correspondents following Roosevelt on his recent drought tour found a woman who did not know Coolidge was no longer President. As the Roosevelt train pulled into a little Iowa town, this woman detached herself from a group beside the track, ran up to the President's son, Franklin, Jr., and, they insist, cried: "Oh, Mr. Coolidge! Won't you please get your father to come out and speak to us?"

As a contretemps this was minor, of course, compared with what happened at the recent American Legion convention that Landon addressed in Kansas. Mr. Landon was all set to deliver, and did deliver, a speech on "tolerance" which was in line with his "teachers' oath" speech at Chautauqua. But one of his ardent supporters, Verne Marshall, a Cedar Rapids editor, preceding him on the platform, roused the audience to fever heat with a flag-waving, red-baiting speech, and Mr. Landon's speech, following the Marshall effusion, was received like that memorable herring that glittered in the moon and stank. Mr. Marshall, incidentally, is the editor who received a Pulitzer prize for a graft crusade a day before the Iowa Supreme Court dismissed all the indictments his campaign had produced.

Mr. Landon's agitation as he heard Marshall heating up that audience must have been something like the agitation felt by Jimmie Williams, the editor Mr. Hearst has sent chasing around at Landon's elbow, when he received his advance copy of the Republican nominee's Chautauqua speech and saw the teachers'-oath passage in it. Williams, the Hearst editor who figured in the Black committee's exposure of Hearst's telegram damning the late Representative McSwain as a Communist, had quitted the Landon entourage at West Middlesex, but having been apparently tipped off that the Chautauqua speech would contain something distasteful to his master, had scrambled back aboard the campaign train at New Castle. Once aboard the lugger, he began pounding on doors and angrily insisting to the Landon retainers that the teachers'-oath passage be deleted. It is pleasant to recall that Mr. Williams's exhortations achieved nothing but the elevation of his own blood pressure.

Can Europe Afford War?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

TO THE man in the street, preparedness for war has only two aspects—the military and the financial. After considering the military factors he is almost certain to ask: "But how can nations afford a war so soon after the depression? Are they not already on the verge of bankruptcy?"

The fallacy is a deep-seated one. Prior to 1914 there were experts who insisted that large-scale war was impossible in the twentieth century because no country could stand the financial strain. At most, they asserted, hostilities could only be carried on for a few weeks before the belligerents were forced into bankruptcy. But we ought to know better today. The World War lasted more than four years and cost at least two hundred billion dollars, yet financial stringency played little or no part in the outcome. The same would inevitably be true of any war. Given basic economic strength, finances can be manipulated—by taxation, borrowing, inflation, or confiscation. Without a strong industry and essential raw materials, a healthy budget is of little significance except as it may affect the possibility of obtaining supplies from abroad.

It is generally agreed that man-power will be relatively unimportant in the war of tomorrow. In a short struggle airplanes, tanks, and mechanized infantry are expected to play a crucial role. In a long-drawn-out conflict the advantage will lie with the country having the greatest resources.

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A highly developed, diversified industry would be of the utmost significance in either case; and where the two sides were about evenly matched, the availability of foodstuffs and raw materials would almost certainly prove decisive. The next war, even more than that of 1914, will be fought and won in the laboratory, machine-shop, and mine. As Mr. Hanighen pointed out in *The Nation* of September 5, it is not the airplanes and tanks which a country has at the beginning of a war that count; it is the ones that are built during the conflict. No country can have an effective war industry without these fundamentals: (1) an established iron and steel industry; (2) an established machine industry; (3) an established chemical industry; (4) assured supplies of coal; (5) adequate supplies of iron ore; (6) adequate supplies of oil.

Of all the European countries Germany undoubtedly possesses the most advanced and most diversified industry. The magnificent resistance which it put up during the World War when it was virtually cut off from foreign supplies is a significant indication of its essential strength. Despite the losses resulting from the war, the Reich leads the whole of Europe in steel output and rolling-mill production, and is a close second to the Soviet Union in pig iron. With the exception of the United States it is the world's greatest producer of chemicals. It stands next to Great Britain and the United States in the fabrication of textiles, and is first in Europe in the production of electric power. It also ranks immediately after the two Anglo-Saxon powers in the output of motor vehicles—an extremely important factor in modern warfare.

Although its industry is undiminished in strength, Germany is materially weaker in natural resources than in 1914. Of the four most essential raw materials—coal, iron, petroleum, and cotton—post-war Germany is adequately supplied only with coal. Good coking coal is the most important material asset a country can possess. It is essential in the making of steel and is basic in the chemical industry. Explosives, medicines, disinfectants, and solvents are but a few of the indispensables of war which are indirectly derived from this basic commodity. Before the World War the Reich possessed 40 per cent of the coal and about one-third of the iron ore of all Europe. The Treaty of Versailles robbed it of 10 per cent of its population and 12 per cent of its area, but took 26 per cent of its coal and 75 per cent of its iron ore. Part of the coal has been restored with the Saar, but nearly seven-tenths of the Reich's former iron ore passed to France with the cession of Lorraine. At present most of the Lorraine output is being purchased by Germany to supply its blast furnaces, and a smaller amount of high-grade ore is being imported from Sweden. The latter supply, however, would be far from sufficient for Germany's needs in the event of a general conflict which would cut off the French source. Apart from coal and potash Germany is deficient in practically all the minerals. It has no petroleum. Most of its once abundant zinc supply was located in the territory lost in the World War. It produces small but far from adequate quantities of copper, lead, sulphur, nickel, rubber, chromium, manganese, tungsten, bauxite, tin, mercury, and mica—all important as sinews of war. As a substitute for gasoline Germany has made rapid progress in the production of benzine but finds it a relatively expensive luxury. Despite a highly developed agriculture Germany also lacks essential foodstuffs, the deficiency in proteins and vegetable oils being particularly serious.

In a war in which Great Britain was not involved, Germany might obtain the bulk of its needed supplies abroad. But with a blockade by the British navy the situation would gradually become critical. Neither the Scandinavian states, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, nor Poland is in a position to remedy all of these major German deficiencies. And it must be remembered that Germany has practically no gold reserve and no credit; and its exports would suffer severely in the event of war. Owing to the lack of foreign exchange, the Third Reich has been drawing heavily on its raw-material reserves during the past year, leaving no backlog for the exceptional demands of war. Barring devaluation of the mark and rehabilitation of the export industries, it is difficult to see how this shortage can be remedied.

Italy's deficiencies are far more serious in character. Because of lack of coal, iron, and other mineral resources, it has never developed its industry to an extent comparable to the other great powers. In pig-iron production in 1934 Italy stood twelfth among the nations of the world; in steel output it ranked tenth, just below Luxemburg. Its machine and chemical industries are weak. It has an ample supply of silk, hemp, sulphur, mercury, and zinc. It produces some lead and antimony but is wholly dependent on foreign countries for other minerals. In time of war the deficiency of oil, coal, and copper would be most serious. It is generally believed that an oil embargo at the outset of the Ethiopian campaign would have brought Italy to its knees within three or four months. Like Germany, Italy has widely advertised its experimentation with substitutes, but with few exceptions they are unsatisfactory and relatively expensive. And despite desperate efforts to attain self-sufficiency in food, Italy is dependent on foreign countries for meat and fish, and in bad years for wheat. With practically no gold reserves and a normally adverse balance of trade, it would find it difficult to repair these deficiencies even if it were not blockaded by the enemy.

For the initial stages of a conflict French industry is probably not so well equipped as German. Despite its possession of the rich Lorraine iron-ore deposits, France produces less than half as much iron and steel as the Reich. Its coal output is utterly inadequate to the needs of a great industrial nation. It has a surplus of bauxite, but otherwise is deficient in all the strategic minerals. Unlike Germany or Italy, however, France is practically self-contained as far as foodstuffs are concerned. Providing the seaways are open, it can obtain chromium, nickel, graphite, and vegetable oils from its colonies. And it has, next to the United States, the world's greatest gold reserve. With a neutral or friendly England to assure physical access to supplies, France would be able to maintain its strength for a comparatively long period. It was

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this capacity, as much as anything else, which eventually turned the tide in the World War.

As compared with the Western powers, the economic strength of the Soviet Union is practically untested. Its enormous population, its vast area, and its tremendous store of raw materials make it potentially the most formidable power in Europe. In the past few years its industrial growth has been unprecedented. From the fifth country in Europe in the production of steel in 1926, it has become second only to Germany. It has the good fortune to be the one country in the world which possesses within its boundaries an adequate supply of all three of the essentials of steel making—iron ore, good coking coal, and manganese. It is also alone among the great powers in possessing an adequate supply of chromium, which is likewise of considerable importance in steel. Certain other of Russia's recently developed industries are of strategic importance. The chemical industry has received especial attention in the second Five-Year Plan, and is believed to be nearly adequate. The U. S. S. R. leads the world in the production of tractors—a fact of great significance in considering the relative effectiveness of a mechanized army. Automobile production has grown many fold in the past five years. No figures are available on the construction of aircraft, but the Russian output is known to be one of the largest in Europe.

Next to the United States, the Soviet Union undoubtedly has the greatest range and supply of raw materials of any country in the world. In addition to being self-sufficient, or practically so, in coal, iron, petroleum, and cotton—the four great essentials—it has abundant supplies of phosphates, potash, mercury, asbestos, platinum, flax, vegetable oils, and timber. Its most serious deficiency appears to be in copper. Although copper production is more than double the pre-war output, it is still well under the country's expanded needs. The same applies to zinc and lead, though these metals are of less strategic importance. Aluminum production is still in the experimental stage but is being rapidly expanded. Until recently the U. S. S. R. was thought to be without substantial deposits of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is extracted, but several fairly rich deposits have been discovered in the Urals. It is almost completely lacking in tin, nickel, tungsten, vanadium, antimony, jute, hemp, and sisal. It grows no rubber, but has developed tau-sagiz and the Crimean dandelion to the point where a fair amount of its rubber requirements could be met from these sources in an emergency. Like France, the U. S. S. R. is wholly self-sufficient in foodstuffs. And it is second in gold production, thus making possible substantial foreign purchase if the trade routes can be kept open. Russia's great weakness lies in its transportation system. Although the railways have made tremendous strides under Kaganovich's direction, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they could bear the added strain of war.

If forced to depend on its own resources, Great Britain would be a negligible factor in a general European war. While equipped with an excellent industrial plant and possessing an adequate supply of highly skilled labor, England is almost entirely dependent on the empire and outside world for raw materials. If blockaded by enemy submarines or aircraft, it would be able neither to feed its population nor to obtain the resources to keep its great industrial plant in action. Of all the key resources, coal alone is abundant in Britain. The United Kingdom produces approximately 20 per cent of the world's coal, being second only to the United States. It has a fair supply of iron ore, and a trace of tin, tungsten, and lead.

It is usually assumed, however, that the British navy and air fleet would be able to keep the shipping lanes open. If able to draw on empire sources, Britain need have no fear of an extended war. Taken as a whole, the empire is perhaps the most nearly self-contained of the world's political units. It has rubber in Malaya and Ceylon, tin in Malaya and Nigeria, manganese on the Gold Coast, bauxite in British Guiana, vanadium in northern Rhodesia, and phosphates in Nauru and the Christmas Islands. There are deficiencies in petroleum, cotton, potash, antimony, mercury, and molybdenum. Of these the most serious are in petroleum and cotton. Although both Egypt and India are important cotton producers, England would suffer very seriously if American cotton were cut off by blockade or embargo. The empire petroleum deficiency could be very nearly made up by the British-owned fields in Iran, Iraq, and Mexico.

The obvious conclusion of such a survey of the economic resources of the great powers would be that Germany and Italy, as the two chief disaffected powers, would have very little chance if they became involved in a protracted war with France, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain. There are, however, many factors which might modify this conclusion. In the first place, it is evident that the fascist powers would be greatly strengthened if they obtained the active or passive support of the Balkan countries, particularly of Rumania. The recent change in the Rumanian Cabinet which forced out the anti-Nazi Foreign Minister, Nicholas Titulescu, might easily swing the balance in the next war. The rich Rumanian oil fields would be of utmost value to either Germany or Italy. In addition, there are substantial bauxite, chromium, and copper deposits in Yugoslavia and some iron in Czecho-Slovakia. If by reason of deficiency of foreign exchange or sanctions these supplies were withheld, it is highly probable that they would be seized. Germany may be expected to make a sudden, powerful thrust for the Lorraine ore fields on the outbreak of war. It might also be possible for Germany to seize quantities of raw materials in occupied cities as it did in 1914.

Still, it cannot be denied that this rather somber analysis yields a ray of hope. If it is true, as many people believe, that the next war will be fought only when Mussolini and Hitler are ready, the chances would seem overwhelmingly against a conflict within the next few months. Both Italy and Germany have an abnormally small supply of fundamental resources at the present time. Although Mussolini would be the last to admit it, the evidence gathered by the League authorities indicates that Italy has been seriously weakened by economic sanctions. With practically no gold and very little foreign exchange its supply

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of strategic commodities can hardly be brought to the 1935 level until many months have elapsed. Similarly, Germany has suffered far more than it is willing to admit in the battle for foreign exchange. Commodity reserves, never very large, are virtually non-existent. While statesmen, particularly in fascist countries, are not noted for their foresight, the military leaders of these countries must be aware of the situation. They may feel that their strength in the air and their mechanized forces—their undoubted superiority in a quick thrust—are sufficient to offset their lack of fundamental resources. But it is difficult to believe that they will take the offensive at the present moment when they might be much less handicapped a year hence.

England Betrays the Jews

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, August 23

FOR eighteen weeks Palestine has been the scene of destruction and murder. At least 1,000 persons have been killed. The witches' holiday reached its peak in two atrocities. On the evening of August 13 Arabs entered a Jewish house in Safed and shot to death three sleeping infants, killed the mother who attempted to protect them, and blew the father to pieces with a bomb. Four evenings later two Jewish nurses were shot as they were entering the government hospital at Jaffa.

For these happenings the British government alone is responsible. The disturbances could have been stopped in any week of the past eighteen. Even before the British army was moved here, and when the police force was less than half its present strength, Spicer, the chief of the Palestine police, offered to end the disturbance in forty-eight hours. Military officers assure me even now that if given a free hand the soldiers could restore order in two or three days. Britain has crushed greater colonial revolts in the past.

However, it is not alone a reluctance to drown the revolt in blood which has stayed the hand of the government. The Arabs made it perfectly clear at the very beginning that they would not cease violence until they were given what they wanted. They told the government that they would continue the strike and the disorders for a year if necessary, and they meant it. Their demands were clearly stated: stoppage of Jewish immigration, prohibition of the sale of land to Jews, and a representative national government instead of the present colonial administration. If the government did not wish to put down the revolt by force, as it could have done, the logical thing would have been to yield to Arab demands immediately and not to wait until hundreds were killed. The Zionists would of course have cried to high heaven, but the mandatory power is not bound to take orders from them. Besides there is not the slightest doubt that ultimately the disturbances will be ended by the government promising to stop immigration.

For eighteen weeks Britain has taken no decisive action. That is its crime. It has not adopted the stern measures necessary to end the disorders nor has it yielded to the Arabs. So many inexplicable things are done here that if one did not assume an imperialistic method behind the madness, one would be forced to doubt Britain's sanity. Extreme anxiety to suppress the disturbances is evinced; at the same time fuel is added to the fire by subtle and not so subtle hints to the Arabs to continue their work, and by carefully chosen pro-Jewish measures calculated to provoke the Arabs still more. Finally, the Jews have been annoyed in a way which can mean nothing but a desire to incite them to reprisal.

When the riots broke out in Jaffa on Sunday, April 19, the government had 4,000 men under arms. On Friday and Saturday I had been in Tel Aviv and Jaffa and watched the political temperature rising steadily. When I returned to Jerusalem on Saturday evening, excited young Arabs told me that dozens of their brethren had been massacred in Tel Aviv. They spoke of revenge. Yet the government used neither the press nor the radio to dispel the baseless rumors. When the explosion actually took place, the soldiers were many miles away and even the ordinary police force seemed smaller than usual. The soldiers had strict orders not to shoot, which the Arabs interpreted as official approval of their acts. No suspects were arrested; no rein was put on the Arab press, which carried on a persistent and vigorous campaign of agitation. No attempt was made to check the movements of the leaders, who set out on cross-country journeys to draw the hinterland into the struggle. Crops were put to the torch, trees were uprooted, and before half of May was gone, the number of Jewish dead was above thirty.

The government simply marked time. Not a single one of the incendiaries was apprehended, not a single murderer. Even the triple murder at the Edison Cinema in Jerusalem, when an armed terrorist fired point-blank into the theater crowd, killing three persons, could not move it from its Olympian calm. When Hassan Sidky Jejani, a Jerusalem ambulance lawyer masquerading as a nationalist leader, published a "flagrantly subversive" leaflet calling for mass terror, a fine of $125 was all the government cared to impose on him, although many a suspected Communist has received a long sentence at hard labor for a great deal less. All the government did during those terrible weeks was to pour in more troops and to issue daily communiqués in which "No arrests; police are investigating" appeared at the end of nearly every item of destruction, incendiarism, and murder.

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Government officials explained the inactivity as a tactical move to avoid making martyrs of the nationalist leaders and to deal a death blow to Arab morale by allowing the strike with its attendant disorders to collapse of its own weight. But as the Hebrew press pointed out, far from collapsing, it gained momentum. For the first time since the British occupation began, the villagers were given a chance to enter the struggle. Gangs of terrorists sprang up. Cautiously at first, as if to test the government, but more boldly later on when they became convinced that they could carry on their operations with immunity, they attacked travelers on the road. Soon they even began attacking military patrols. On June 2, six weeks after the strike began, an Emergency Ordinance empowering the district commissioners to order the reopening of shops was finally enacted. But the ordinance has remained a dead letter. Another emergency law, passed on June 13, providing the death penalty or life imprisonment for persons firing on the military forces or interfering with public utilities and the water supply, has never been applied. Hundreds of terrorists have been found to be possessed of bombs and loaded revolvers. But so far only two Arabs have been convicted of manslaughter, and they have been sentenced to twelve and fifteen years, respectively. The lesson is not lost on the Arab population.

Symbolic of the government's lack of desire to end the bloodshed is the statement of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, that suspension of Jewish immigration is "subject to a decision . . . in due course on the merits of the case." Both the Arab and Hebrew press interpreted this to mean that if violence is continued long enough, immigration will be suspended. To confirm further the view that if the disturbances go on long enough the government will yield, negotiations with the leaders directly responsible for the terror continue. Official communiqués have even informed the country on two occasions that His Excellency the Commissioner found it necessary to visit the leaders incarcerated in a concentration camp and to discuss with them the political situation.

On the other hand, the Jews have been indirectly incited to retaliation. How else, for example, can one explain the removal of the army from Safed just before the attack? Young men who volunteered to watch fields and citrus groves were given hunting guns for defending themselves against Arab rifles. In order to maintain "administrative balance," Hebrew newspapers which certainly have not advocated violence have been suppressed because Arab papers have been forbidden, and there is now talk of imposing a collective fine on a Jewish village because an Arab was killed in the neighborhood, although there is not the slightest evidence that a Jew committed the crime. When Jews are shot at, it is always the work, as far as the official communiqué is concerned, of "unknowns," but when one wounded Arab claimed that a Jew fired at him, the identity of the assailant was twice announced over the radio. The Colonial Secretary told Parliament that 120 Arabs had been arrested and 32 Jews, but he did not specify that the Arabs were arrested for murder, incendiarism, and incitement to violence, and nearly all of the Jews for no greater crime than breaking curfew. The administration, in short, goes to any length to give the impression that a civil war is going on.

What does the government want? What imperialist scheming explains this queer situation? The government's tactics are too simply explained by attributing them to the weakness of the High Commissioner, as some do, or to the anti-Jewish bias of certain officials. The explanation lies far deeper. And it is clear that the policy is followed too consistently not to have been laid down by London. The revolt came just in time to provide Britain with a needed excuse for converting Palestine into a military base. When the Mediterranean was threatened last summer, thousands of British soldiers were poured into Egypt. But Egypt was in far too restless a state to endure this or other manifestations of imperialism, and an Egyptian treaty was the result. One of its stipulations is that British troops are to leave Cairo and Alexandria. Another place had to be found, and Palestine is the ideal spot. But although Palestine is being fortified surreptitiously, the mandate prevents its being converted into a second Singapore. Now under the guise of settling internal trouble, the juridical difficulty has been removed. Permanent military barracks are being built at the expense of the Palestine government. Military airports need not be built secretly any longer. One has just been completed near Janin, another is being built near Gaza, many others have been completed, all at the expense of the Palestine government. Tel Aviv is being developed as a commercial port; Jaffa, whose waterfront has been completely cleared since the riots started there, would be useful as a naval port.

In the second place, London probably felt that a little knocking about would teach the Zionists their place in the imperialist scheme of the future. Large-scale immigration and prosperity during the past two years had led he Zionists to believe that their National Home was just around the corner. But London is no more interested in a strong Jewish Palestine than in an Arab Palestine which is a member of a strong Arab federation. It is to British interest to keep the country divided as long as possible. This will insure Britain a permanent job. A strong Jewish state would attract the interest of other states. Already Czecho-Slovakia and Switzerland have begun commercial pourparlers with the Jewish Agency.

There are further and more serious considerations. The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations has been demanding an explanation of the curious situation here. Also there is the Royal Commission to consider. Though the Zionists will probably not expose the administration, both commissions might ask embarrassing questions: Why has the government failed to protect the lives and property of one section of the population against the onslaughts of the other? Hence the administration eagerness to prove that civil war is going on. But the Jews have been too clever for them. They have borne their dead sensibly and not retaliated. As week follows week, the administration is driven into more and more extreme measures to provoke the Jews to reprisal. Police officers have even promised not to interfere. So far there has been no result. Britain must think up another device by which it may keep Palestine under its control and properly subdued.

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Private Versus Public Power

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

THE president of one of the largest holding companies in the country was sitting in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel reading a "paper" contributed by the Russian delegation to the Third World Power Conference. This "paper" was a bound volume of 496 pages printed in Moscow and presented to the conference by G. P. Brailo, chairman of the Russian delegation.

The holding-company man had gone no farther than page eleven when he read a speech of Lenin's beginning:

> A report on the electrification of Russia has been included in the agenda of the Congress of Soviets, so that the single economic plan for the restoration of national economy that we have been discussing may be outlined from the technical standpoint. Unless Russia is placed on a different technical level, higher than before, restoration of the national economy and communism are out of the question. Communism is the Soviet power plus the electrification of the whole country, for without electrification progress in industry is impossible.

At this point the jowls of the utility executive turned a deeper purple. The Edison Electric Institute and the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association had come through with $100,000 for the expenses of this conference, and now the papers were likely to use front-page space to emphasize the advantages of public over private ownership of the nation's electrical utilities.

The program for the third meeting of the power men of the world (the first was held in England in 1924, the second in Berlin in 1932) might have been written by H. G. Wells in collaboration with Lewis Mumford and Norman Thomas. As a matter of fact, the proceedings were outlined by two American engineers, Morris Llewellyn Cooke and O. C. Merrill. Mr. Cooke, head of the Rural Electrification Administration and a valiant fighter on the people's side in every matter involving public resources, and Mr. Merrill, who more than any other one person is responsible for the water-power policy of the country, have been working on the content of this conference for more than a year. They succeeded in obtaining for it an appropriation from Congress of $25,000.

Hearing of this, the private power gang, through their sounding-boards, the Edison Electric Institute and the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, fished up $100,000 for the expenses of the delegates. As a result the conference was attended by a bizarre collection of private-ownership press agents, genuine engineers, government yard-stickers, and out-and-out public-ownership advocates.

At the outset what Amos Pinchot calls the "kilowatt klan" took over the social side of the conference. To impress the 700 foreign delegates with the orthodoxy of the affair, orders were sent out that evening clothes must be worn by those listening to the speech of Secretary Hull at the opening session. Hired engineers in hired dress suits applauded the Secretary of State; the president of the conference, Dr. Julius Dorpmüller, an impressive figure covered with medals grouped around the Iron Cross; and his press agent, Carl Krecke, who went on about the status of power under Hitler.

The next morning, however, the collectivists had their innings. Judge Robert E. Healy of the Securities and Exchange Commission presented a doughty paper in which he urged the utilities to free themselves from "the jugglers of finance." His entire paper was a blistering attack upon the holding-company regime, and when it was summarized by the official reporter of the conference, several utility men walked out in high dudgeon. Immediately afterward, in order to offset the unhappy impression made by Judge Healy's paper, Max Frederick Horn, of Belgium, gave a paper which stated that the holding companies were the potential saviors of civilization.

Maurice P. Davidson, former Water and Gas Commissioner, and Langdon W. Post, Tenement House Commissioner of New York, made subversive remarks about the possibilities of rate regulation, intimating that it was impossible to regulate the utilities under the status quo. Whereupon three appointed spokesmen for the companies who were to discuss the New Yorkers' papers solemnly withdrew their names, which had been written on slips and put into a hat. And so the convention went, with the recurrent theme of private against public ownership underlying every paper.

One group interested in the production and distribution of cheap and abundant electrical power not represented at this gathering was the consumers. No one seemed much exercised by the discussion of rates except a woman from Yonkers, New York, who wondered audibly why she had to pay so much for juice in Yonkers. She was promptly relegated to the background. Yet if the more than 300 papers presented to this conference could be condensed in popularized form, they would form a "true cyclopedia" of power, as Morris Cooke said, and might be read with benefit by consumers everywhere.

A traveling show of the really dramatic exhibits set up here by the Federal Power Commission, the Department of Labor, and the Department of the Interior would also have enormous educational value. At long last the government is taking a leaf from the book of the private-power propagandists and is turning out material in the best advertising technique. Pictures of the TVA and the fight against soil erosion displayed in the lobby of the Hotel Mayflower here are profoundly eloquent of the possibilities of public ownership.

The swarm of press agents for the private companies which was buzzing around every meeting place of the del-

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egates may be counted on to modify, so far as the newspaper reading public is concerned, the genuine educational value of the conference. It was a bad day for the rate-payer when the conference management consented to accept the donations of the Edison Electric Institute and the appliance makers. So great was the stress on the showmanship angle that the dinner to the delegates was held in the waiting-room of the Union Station. It could, of course, have been held in a large Washington hotel, but then the grandeur of the "social lobby" of the utilities would have been dimmed. On the whole, the conference, with every chance to make a genuine contribution to the world's knowledge of falling water and heat, saw its aims sadly distorted by the American utility executives, who assume that power in every form is their natural monopoly.

Landon Slide

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

TIME: Seven weeks before November 3.

PLACE: A hotel room overlooking Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Colonel Knox is sitting on a couch surrounded by piles of straw votes which he is plaiting into a pattern. He wears a disgruntled look as of a man with an inferiority complex or a Republican vice-presidential candidate in 1936. Charles D. Hilles remains unaffected. John Hamilton paces the floor, stopping occasionally to look at a large picture over the fireplace. It is an old-fashioned tinted photograph of Alfred M. Landon. It depicts him standing simply—upright with his feet on the ground. In one hand he clutches a large sunflower; with the other he is pulling out petals. Some of these lie on the floor and are labeled with the names of states.

MR. HAMILTON: Well, Colonel Knox, anything new about our candidate?

COLONEL KNOX (bristling): *Our* candidate?

MR. H.: Oh, don't get huffy. Is there any news?

THE COLONEL: According to the *Digest* poll, *your* candidate (he pauses and glares) will carry Elizabeth, New Jersey, and New Rochelle, New York.

MR. H. (stopping in his tracks): My God, don't tell me. (He hastily pulls out of his pocket a long sheet, obviously a list, and scribbles two lines upon it.) There. That fixes that. We'll just have him make a couple of rear-end speeches in those towns. Anything else?

THE COLONEL: The redcaps of Grand Central have come out for Landon and have collected a contribution.

MR. HAMILTON: Redcaps? Redcaps? It's a plot. So they're trying to hang the red label on us are they? That's easy. We'll have *our* candidate (he glares and pauses) make another speech for the open shop. That'll make the labor vote solid. How about New York City?

THE COLONEL: The best of news. Walter Lippmann has come out for Landon. We can depend on him to mop up what few votes there were left in that sector.

MR. HAMILTON: Marvelous. Go on.

THE COLONEL: The latest reports from Connecticut indicate that Landon will make a record-breaking run in that state. He will come nearer to losing Connecticut than any Republican candidate since 1912.

MR. HAMILTON (rubbing his hands): Fine. Fine. I suppose that's the best we can do. We can't expect even Mr. Landon to lose Connecticut. How about California?

THE COLONEL: Now California, there's a state! The only Landon territory is San Simeon and even there sentiment for Roosevelt has been detected in the sixth swimming pool in the servants' quarters. I tell you, Mr. Hamilton, in this country we do things right.

MR. HAMILTON: And you'll admit, Colonel Knox, that the Republicans have it all over the Democrats when it comes to engineering a landslide.

COLONEL KNOX: You said it, Mr. Hamilton. That stroke of getting Hearst behind Landon right from the beginning was nothing less than genius. (They go on congratulating each other. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Hilles draw up their chairs and help Colonel Knox with his weaving. Presently there is no sound but the roar of Chicago traffic and the gentle rustle of straw votes. A knock at the door breaks the spell. Mr. Hamilton answers, and a bellhop hands him a telegram. He tears it open.)

MR. HAMILTON (his face falling): Curses!

MR. HILLES and the COLONEL: What is it? What is it?

MR. HAMILTON: It's a telegram from the Republican state chairman for Maine. (He reads.) "In spite of your magnificent strategy in sending Landon just before primary, we failed to lose Maine. However, without doubt rear-end speeches from Kansas to Portland have cut down Republican vote in other states."

(Mr. Hamilton stuffs the telegram in his pocket, picks up his hat, and is about to leave the room dejectedly when the telephone rings. He answers—and then turns with shining eyes to his colleagues.)

MR. HAMILTON: Gentlemen, that was Herbert Hoover. He's just heard about Maine and he's all cut up. But he's got a way out. He says he's ready to begin speaking in favor of Landon in the middle of October and he guarantees that if he leaves any Republican majorities standing he'll start wearing low collars.

COLONEL KNOX: Mr. Hamilton, I think the populace should be informed of these significant developments.

(Mr. Hamilton takes an air of confidence off the mantel and carefully adjusts it. He throws open the door to the balcony and steps out. There is, miraculously, complete silence on Michigan Avenue as he begins to speak.)

My countrymen. I wish to announce that a vast ground swell is moving across the nation in the direction of the Landon-Knox ticket. The reports by the committeemen substantiate this. (Colonel Knox and Mr. Hilles smile at each other.) Reports from California are exceedingly gratifying. I should like to challenge Mr. Farley . . .

(At this point the lights change, the traffic starts up again, and the voice of Hamilton is drowned in the roar. Meanwhile Mr. Hilles and Colonel Knox are putting the finishing touches on their design. They lay it on the floor and look down at it with admiring eyes. Through the large straw mat, which is a beautiful Hearst yellow, is woven the slogan: WE DON'T WANT LANDON.)

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The Used-Car Racket

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

THE old-time confidence men who unloaded worthless oil stock on unsuspecting widows or sold gold mines which existed only on highly lithographed paper were as innocent as babes in the woods compared with the cutthroat fraternity which today makes its living selling used cars that are fit only for a junk pile.

There is virtually no car which cannot be temporarily doctored to look and sound and run like a second-hand car in excellent condition. This doctoring process will keep the car running long enough for the sucker to put his name on the dotted line and congratulate himself on getting a good used car at a bargain. The guileless customer drives off and for a day or so everything is all right. Then things begin to happen.

By this time, of course, the "gyp" used-car dealer has transferred the account to a finance company, if the customer is paying for the car on the instalment plan—which, incidentally, in many cases is a racket in itself. The dealer then blandly informs the complaining customer that the car is out of his hands and in the hands of the finance company. At this point the customer figures that he has made so much of a down payment that he might as well go along a little farther, and tries to repair the car properly. Finding it virtually impossible, he may drop the whole thing, whereupon the car is sold again to some other victim. If he has paid cash he is licked completely.

Some racketeering dealers give lofty-sounding written guaranties with the crates they sell. Like the cars, they are practically worthless because in most cases they promise only to replace "defective" parts. It is up to the customer to prove that the part was "defective" when he bought the car and is not the result of his own work, and that is not the easiest job in the world, even if the dealer is honest.

When, in rare cases, the dealer agrees to replace the "defective" part, the customer will find that the guaranty merely called for the "replacement" of the part. It says nothing about payment for the labor involved. The customer will find he has to pay for this labor. He also will find that the "labor" alone will cost more than the whole job—labor, parts, and all—would have cost in a reputable repair shop.

It should be clearly understood at this point that the writer is not making a blanket accusation against the entire used-car industry. Many used-car dealers are reputable merchants who are as careful to guard their good name as any other neighborhood merchant. But there are also racketeers in the business, ruthless men who lost their consciences with their baby teeth and have been going along on instinct ever since. These dealers specialize in wrecked and useless cars that a reputable dealer would not touch. The turnover of used cars in New York City alone is approximately 100,000 vehicles a year. This includes the used cars handled by honest and dishonest dealers. The figure means that about $2,000,000 changes hands annually for used cars—and the gyp dealer gets a large piece of the total.

The first thing the gyp dealer does with the crate dumped at his door is to turn down the speedometer. That's just a matter of a few minutes with a screwdriver. The mileage is cut about in half; not too much or it might looks suspicious—they know when to stop. The car is then painted. A shiny car half sells itself. But even in this simple job the future customer is being duped. The cars the gyp dealer gets are usually covered with rust patches. He won't go to the trouble of "curing" the patches. He won't have them sandpapered down and burned clean. He will simply spray a fresh coat of paint over the car, rust spots and all. The result? What appears to be a shiny, new-looking car is in reality a diseased car, rusting under its bright coat of paint. Before long holes will appear where the rust spots are; the fenders, when they are eaten through, will begin to flap like the wings of an unhappy crow. The customer will blink his eyes—if the car has lasted that long—and wonder what has happened. He knows that he has kept his car polished and clean and sheltered; he never saw it rust. If the car were left unpainted, the customer could at least see the rust patches and clear them up. On a newly sprayed car he not only can't see them but has no reason to suspect them.

The dealer knows all too well that the potential customer, after he has been enchanted by the shine of the car, will next examine the tires. In most cases the tires on the dilapidated crates which are dragged to the gyp shop are practically gone; the tread is worn smooth. But that is a simple matter to remedy. If enough rubber is left it is engraved with beautiful grooves which give it the semblance of a fairly new tire. On the floor of the groove, of course, there may be only an eighth of an inch of rubber covering the tube; a sharp pebble will go through it. But it looks fine. Sometimes the tire is worn down too much to be "retreaded." But there is another trick. Take long strips, or shells, of rubber, smooth on the concave inside and treaded on the outside. Spread glue over the interior of the shell and place the strip around the worn tire. It looks swell. After a little bit of riding, to be sure, the friction and the heat and the pressure will loosen the shell, and the ancient tire will be exposed in all its unhappy nakedness. But that is the customer's hard luck.

The customer, when he tries a used car, will always test the brakes. They seem to grip splendidly. In reality they are probably useless. The simplest device for producing the effect of good brakes is to "take up" on the brakes as far as possible. Even though the linings are gone the mechanic can take up enough to make them grip. Of course,

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without the lining it is simply a question of steel gripping against steel. In the end this means that not only new brake linings but new drums will be necessary. Brakes can also be tightened by the insertion of shims, or thin wedges, between the brake linings and the brake shoes. This will give the impression of brand-new brakes—while they last. Hydraulic brakes are even easier to adjust with shims than are mechanical brakes.

As for the battery, if it is too good the dealer removes it, because he can make a few dollars selling it. If it's not worth much he has it charged to its fullest and keeps it charged until the customer wants to try out the car. Even though one of the cells is dead, he can usually charge it high enough to make it work decently—temporarily. He also boosts the generator so that the motor charges the battery higher than normal and keeps it working for a while.

Suppose a battered, wrecked car is hauled into the shop. The frame is broken; the body is dented. But it is a very easy thing to straighten out body dents. The hard job—and the important job—is straightening out and repairing the frame. The proper straightening of a bent frame is a long and costly job. The body of the car must be lifted off and the frame recast in its original mold. Even if the straightening job is done by a competent welder the frame must be gone over—after the body has been taken off—with a ruler, inch by inch. That takes time and costs money. The dealer doesn't bother with all that. If the frame is broken too badly he may have it welded. He doesn't bother to have it properly straightened. He merely realigns the wheels to compensate for the off-true frame, often shifting the front axle as much as an inch.

What happens? First, there is a constant unnatural pull on the body which eventually will cause it to rip open somewhere. But what is really important is that the drive shaft is forced out of line and is liable at any time to snap from the strain. Also it is tugging on the universal—the part where the drive shaft connects with the transmission—and will eventually ruin that important mechanical part.

Another part of the car which has a tendency to go bad as the machine ages is the clutch. A slipping clutch can be detected even by a novice driver; so it has to be "fixed." It is very simple. Phony dealers have discovered that fuller's earth—yes, fuller's earth, the soft powder mothers use for their babies—inserted through an oil hole in the transmission of certain cars will temporarily restrain a slipping clutch. This method can be applied only to what is mechanically known as a "dry clutch." Most of the smaller cars, the bulk of the used-car trade, have dry clutches.

Bushings and king-pins wear out rather easily, and then the front wheels shimmy. What to do? The car is jacked up and ordinary sand is thrown into the bushing. It fills up the spaces caused by the wearing out of parts and temporarily makes the bushing hold. The wheels stop shimmying, for a while. The sand runs out very quickly, however, and the steering wheel begins to jump in the driver's hands. What is more, while the sand is in the parts, it is further wearing down the bushings, and possibly getting into other parts. Another trick, when the king-pins and bushings are too worn for the sand cure, is to remove the pin, a round piece of metal, and hammer it until it is egg-shaped. Then it is replaced and the sand is tossed in. Egg-shaping the pin makes it broader, causing it to fill more space in one direction and giving it a greater grip—for a while. Or the unscrupulous dealer can burr the pin with a chisel—raise a series of nicks along it.

Suppose the springs are shot. Instead of being curved, they lie flat—dead metal without resiliency. Just tighten the shackles, pull them into a curve again, give the lifeless metal brief new life. Eventually the weight of the car and passengers, the bumps on the road, burst the inordinately strained shackles. The car descends with a bump. The axle snaps. Perhaps something else breaks. Who cares?

Is the transmission gone? That can be detected when the car is put into second speed. There is an unmistakable chatter which means that the bushings are worn. It is very simple to force into the transmission oiled, pulverized cork or sawdust. The thick molasses-like substance closes around the worn bushing, fills it. The chatter disappears. But the trouble is still there; and not only will the noise reappear when the filler wears thin but, worse, the transmission is not getting the proper lubrication, and the repairs which are soon necessary will cost almost the price of the used car itself. Fiber grease, instead of oil, is used to dam up the filler. A faulty rear end can be doped in the same fashion.

The same heavy mixture can also be inserted into the crankcase—mixed half-and-half with regular oil. There it will accomplish seeming miracles. Bearing knocks are eliminated, motor noises are silenced, loose connecting rods are reinforced. Of course, your car is not being lubricated. Metal is rubbing on metal; friction is ruining moving parts. The damage usually finishes the motor. If this heavy mixture is put in the crank case, it will act favorably, for the moment, on the action of a worn oil pump. The density of the mixture will hold up the diaphragm of the pump, making the meter on the dashboard read normal when the pump may not be working at all, or very little. The customer will see a high reading, if he bothers to look; in reality there is no pressure at all.

Even so serious a damage as a cracked motor can be fixed. The block can be skilfully welded. Grease spread over the welding will then cover the signs of it. But eventually the welded line will reopen. It cannot be welded again because metal will not take a second welding in the same place. A new motor is needed.

The dealer is full of simpler tricks. A quantity of ether in gasoline will work wonders. It will eliminate a carbon knock—while the gasoline being exploded contains the ether. It will improve motor performance and power to an unbelievable degree. However, it also so heightens the explosive heat of the gasoline that it may blow off the cylinder head. The old trick of backing a car uphill is a favorite device for proving the strength of a motor. Not many persons know that a car has greater power going backward than in any other speed.

Dealers develop trick remedies for unusual individual cases; they are limited only by their ingenuity. In one case, where a piston was broken, the dealer put an ordinary screwdriver blade in its place; it worked long enough to sell the car.

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How Dead Is Liberalism?

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

II

IN ITS broadest sense the term "liberalism" includes both a political method and a conception of the good life. As I indicated last week, Marxians in general and Communists in particular have tended during the last three or four years to center their attacks more and more upon the method alone and to emphasize a conception of the good life as it is supposed ultimately to emerge which is not significantly different from that of the nominal liberal whom they have so much despised. Only the fascists maintain consistently that contempt for liberal ideals per se which, at an earlier period, the Communists seemed often to exhibit, and to the liberal it seems that Moscow and Berlin adopt, for the present, methods which are strikingly similar while intended ultimately to produce governments and societies diametrically opposed. Whether or not either is destined to be successful is another question, but one is sometimes inclined to feel that liberalism could protect itself from its enemies on the right if only someone would manage to protect it from its friends on the left.

Among those with whom I talked André Malraux gave the clearest, the most complete, and the most assured account of the convictions of the intellectual Communist whose ultimate aims are purely liberal. Like so many Frenchmen of his political complexion, he by no means subscribes to all the tenets of the new Russian orthodox church, and in France, he insists, the structure of the present economic order is such that the revolution must be borgeois-proletarian rather than merely proletarian. Far more important from the standpoint of the present discussion is the strength of his emphasis upon the identity of the life which communism is determined to achieve with the life which liberalism professes to desire.

To him the phrase "Liberalism is dead" is true in two senses. The liberal society is dead because it was never alive; liberalism as a political method is dead because experience has shown that it does not work. The way lies through dictatorship because only through a dictatorship is it possible to make those fundamental realignments of power which are necessary before a truly liberal society can begin to function, and thus the purpose of an anti-liberal revolution is not to kill liberalism itself but to make it work.

In all this, moreover, the intellectual and the artist have a very important role to play because it is primarily through art that the continuity of the liberal conception of the good life is maintained and that—this strikes me as almost too neat and ingenious a solution—the arbitrariness of political acts is prevented from having any significance larger than themselves. They establish no precedents and no presumption that dictatorial methods are generally justified, because both art and the artist are preserving intact the ideals which remain inviolate while, for reasons of pure temporary expediency, they are being violated.

For this reason, also, both the artist and the intellectual have a relation to party policy and to party discipline quite different from that sometimes assumed. So far as the latter is concerned, it is of a particular sort and strictly limited to the field of specific political acts. The party leaders are assured by the artist or intellectual that he will not obstruct political measures, that he will do what he is told to do and refrain from any attempt to interfere in any way with political acts. But in return for this loyalty he will demand absolute freedom of thought and of creation because those are as clearly his fields as the field of political action is clearly theirs.

To ask of him any more or to grant to him any less means inevitable stultification, and most so-called revolutionary art has been bad because it has been an effort to promote political revolution instead of an effort to define, encourage, and celebrate that dignity of the human spirit for which political revolution is attempting to establish the necessary material conditions. Many writers, of whom Louis Aragon in France is a typical example, have all but destroyed themselves out of a mistaken conception of what service in their cause required. To them bad art has come to seem a positive duty, and Aragon, especially, has reviled and trampled upon his natural inclinations. He has taught himself to despise his special talents and peculiar sensibilities because he felt it wrong to be distinguished from the mass, and has developed a masochistic impulse to destroy himself as well as everything he loves out of a conviction that only in that way could he serve the people.

Actually the artist best serves the revolution by serving in his own way the ultimate end toward which he and revolution are both working—namely, the ennoblement of the human spirit. It is true that once when he had been listening to music Lenin was asked if it was not his duty to protect "all this," and that, looking out of the window at a crowd of people in the street, he replied that it was they who had made the revolution and therefore they who came first. It is true, in other words, that the problem of art in a revolutionary society sometimes comes to be a question of quantity versus quality, that the common man has a right to art which the common man can appreciate. But that need lead to no assumption that what he can appreciate is actually the best. The duty of the intellectual and the artist is to see that the best is not lost and that the tradition of the best is not broken. Indeed, it is less true to say that the purpose of art is to promote revolution than it would be to say that

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the purpose of revolution is to promote art—provided, of course, that one does not define art in too narrow a way. It is through art that the human spirit has achieved that dignity which it is the business of revolution to make available to all mankind.

In certain other respects M. Malraux's philosophy of art is even farther removed from the orthodox Marxian doctrine that literature "reflects social conditions." To him the history of art is essentially self-contained, a history of forms and styles rather than a history of social conditions. It does not react to or against "life" but against other works of art, and "revolutionary art" is not art which deals with revolutionary social conditions but art which finds new forms and expresses new feelings whether the subject matter be traditional or not. Thus M. Malraux, though a Communist, is in these respects nearer to a pure aestheticism than the nominal liberal usually is, and to many of his fellow-Marxians must seem positively counter-revolutionary.

We are, however, here concerned with literary opinions only in so far as they demonstrate the increasing tendency of the Communist to differ from the liberal chiefly in his willingness to adopt anti-liberal methods; in his conviction that it is, indeed, only through them that true liberalism may be reached. And the first thing that must be said of his obviously paradoxical position is that, like the more grotesque position of the "infantile leftist," or for that matter of the Nazi, it lends itself to very neat formulation on the purely conceptual level. Even the aesthetic doctrine of Eisenstein which I summarized briefly in the first article is marked by a logic and an internal consistency which make it seem superior to far more adult conceptions so long as one is content to accept the implied premises and to argue them out without reference to an actual aesthetic experience. In the same way M. Malraux's political theory—one might almost call it political metaphysics—has obviously the same sort of superiority over the apparently fumbling doctrines of the democrat, who may exhibit a more realistic sense of the difference between the formulation of a logical chain of conceptions and the control of a political process but who is prevented by that very fact from evolving so complete or so complacent a doctrine.

Even one as suspicious as I myself am of political theorists who are sure that they have solved the problems of the world because their own equations balance, and because there is no break in the chain of logic from their premises to their conclusions, recognizes what may be called the theological superiority of any one of the three or four mutually contradictory Communist "ideologies" over that of the liberal democrat who is more concerned with what is happening to the liberties of mankind than with philosophical disquisitions designed to demonstrate that dictatorship is an inevitable prelude to liberty. But it may very well be that this superiority is purely theological and that the liberal temper—with its direct and positive reaction against specific injustices and specific cruelties—serves humanity at least as well as the theological temper which accepts any particular injustice or cruelty that it can defend as the means toward some still remote end. After all, many of the bloodiest wars have been fought by those who claimed to love peace, and the rulers of the Inquisition were cruel, so they said, only in order to be kind.

Stephen Spender was not in England at the time of my visit, but it was kind enough to write an answer to my questions in terms not very different from those of M. Malraux. From such representative liberals as Rebecca West and Bertrand Russell I got, on the other hand, no such positive assurances as M. Malraux and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Spender were ready to give. Indeed, to both it seemed that the imminence of war rendered almost fantastic any plan for the future of mankind, which can hardly be drawn up until we know how much of the present world and how many of its inhabitants have survived the catastrophe which is almost certain to arrive before present tendencies, good or bad, have had time to develop much farther. And when I turned from them to T. S. Eliot in the hope of finding a conservative philosophy ready with absolutes to oppose the absolutes of the Communist doctrine, I discovered both a tendency to moderation and a tendency to submit concepts to the criticism of current actualities which reminded me less, let us say, of St. Augustine or Trotsky than of any liberal democrat.

One might suppose, for example, that Mr. Eliot would agree with Stalin, Mussolini, and the Pope upon the necessity of controlling expressions of opinion when such opinions run counter to official pronouncements. So indeed Mr. Eliot does—as far at least as pure theory is concerned. When one knows the truth, or rather *if* one knows the truth, it is one's duty, he says, to suppress error, and that conviction is anti-liberal to the extent that it denies the liberal faith (*vide* Mill) in the utility of error itself as a challenge to truth. But Mr. Eliot adds hastily that the difficulty is, of course, the difficulty of finding an authority competent to decide what is true; and when I ask him if he knows any pretenders to such competence which he would today be willing to trust, he answers, not as I half expected with "Lambeth Palace," but with a simple "No"—thus ranging himself, on purely practical grounds, not with the orthodox Communist who would reply "the Kremlin" nor with the oppositionist who might propose the council of his own party, but with the liberal democrat who has not that much faith in the infallibility of even other democrats like himself.

Thus we are led to another conclusion which complicates the conclusion arrived at in the discussion of last week. It is true that the Communist and the liberal tend to agree more and more closely concerning the character of the good life as it may ultimately emerge. But they differ widely in the degree to which systematized "ideologies" inspire them with confidence. Even the churchman, if one may generalize from Mr. Eliot, has lost a good deal of his faith in the sufficiency of merely logical or theological solutions to the problems of society, while it remains for the Communist to compose elaborate treatises which challenge those of the schoolmen in self-consistency and finality.

[*Mr. Krutch's third article will appear next week.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SECRETARY HULL'S admirable peace speech to the International Power Conference in Washington is a fitting corollary to that of President Roosevelt at Chautauqua. Nothing could have been stronger than the Secretary's denunciation of war as "death to youth, death to hope, death to civilization," and his solemn appeal to the men of science and the engineers before him to use their influence to keep the nations from drifting into a final war because of the armament race and "the dangerous ambitions and conflicting political philosophies" which vex the world. Mr. Landon, too, spoke well for peace on Labor Day to the Kansas American Legion. He urged tolerance and demanded that the Legion uphold complete freedom of speech, but he especially stressed the preservation of peace and the "utter futility," the "waste," the "meaningless cruelty" of war. It is to his credit that he did not accompany this utterance with the usual politician's banality that there is "something worse than war," or refer to our national honor.

Surely we could not have better anti-war speeches than these; yet the fact remains that we are preparing for war as never before in the ridiculous belief that preparedness means safety from war. Mr. Roosevelt knocked the bottom out of that nonsense when he declared at Chautauqua that in the last analysis it made no difference what laws were written to keep us out of war if the President and Secretary of State did not stand fast against our going to war when the emergency came. That only intensifies our anxiety to know how we can keep a President and his Secretary of State from putting us into war. It is certainly alarming to have Ernest K. Lindley assure us that a recent poll of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet showed that a majority believed that the United States would fight if Japan attacked Canada—which seems quite at variance with the earnestness of Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to the peace elements to keep him out of war at all times.

All of this, and especially Mr. Hull's speech, emphasizes anew the truth that it is the governments and not the peoples—despite the conflicting political philosophies—which are the danger points. This is the case not merely with the dictators like Hitler and Mussolini, but with practically all governments, many of which are warring upon all individuals who declare that they will not take up arms on any terms. It is interesting to note that while Mr. Roosevelt declares that peace must be finally safeguarded by the anti-war elements, his Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Woodring, recently went out of his way to assail as shockingly unpatriotic the 14,000 clergymen who declared that they would in no manner help the government in the next war. Mr. Roosevelt did not rebuke him; nor has he rebuked the numerous admirals and generals who are daily attacking all who work for peace and charging every peace lover with being a craven "red" in the pay of Moscow. Mr. Roosevelt not only tolerates this but more than any other President has strengthened the hands of these intolerant, un-American militarists. Even the governments which sincerely protest that they want peace above all else refuse to allow their people to vote upon war, to dissent from armament policies, or to decline to fight. Yet some of those very governments have shown themselves incompetent to prevent war. They are heading for war again, according to the testimony of President Roosevelt, Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Hull, and many other statesmen, and still they will not assent to any limitation of their complete control of peace and war.

There lies the vicious circle. The people don't want war, the statesmen admit, and don't make war. But they must not have any voice in the decision because diplomatic secrets cannot be shared with millions, and because modern war can be made overnight and, as in the case of Ethiopia, can be begun and ended without a declaration of war. So the people cannot have the right to say whether their sons shall go to almost certain death, whether they themselves shall have death rained upon them from the sky. Is it any wonder that the feeling that governments are the chief enemies of mankind in this matter of war and peace grows steadily? Has not the time come, therefore, for the peace movement to concentrate not merely upon establishing collective security and inculcating the spirit of peace among men, but upon depriving governments of their supreme war-making powers? "But what nonsense that is," multitudes will say, "when in many countries there are dictators in power who can make war without asking anyone's consent, and who have the ability to lay a neighboring capital in ashes overnight." The continuance of the present system certainly does not make those dictators less dangerous, or safeguard any country from their attack. Armaments are bleeding the world white, yet guarantee no peace; on the contrary, they bring war nearer. We could not be any worse off if we sought a way out by some other means. At least part of the world *must set the example* of giving the people the war-making power and of disarming, even at the risk of injustice and the loss of territory, such as China has suffered. China's plight is dreadful; yet if the alternative is the destruction of civilization by a wholesale war, that situation, bad as it is, is the better. The way to disarm is to disarm. The way to end war is to have the peoples decide and not any small group of men swayed by political considerations. If this sounds wholly unrealistic, then we must face, as Mr. Hull said, financial ruin and "death to youth, death to hope, death to civilization."

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BROUN'S PAGE

WHEN first I read in Mr. Hearst's New York *American* that the *Herald Tribune* was "willing to aid and abet communism" I was as you might say a little incredulous. I just had not noticed it. However, I decided to investigate and so I went to Blake's restaurant and into the bar. This is just ten feet removed from the entrance to the *Herald Tribune* building, and I have always found it the place where one can get the most candid evaluation of Ogden Mills Reid as a journalist. I was fortunate enough to run into a minor executive who is very articulate about his paper but perhaps, also, a little reckless. I have made no attempt to confirm the extraordinary story which he told me. He says that within the month America was saved from communism by nothing more than a typographical error in the *Tribune* composing room. Whether the story is accurate in every detail cannot concern me now. I want to scoop Hearst.

"The first thing that made us suspicious in the editorial room," said my informant, "was the fact that we noticed that Ogden Reid was always whistling the 'Internationale' under his breath. And whenever he got to 'arise ye prisoners of starvation' he would get up and go down to Blake's. I wasn't able to follow him, but it is possible that he contacted Yipsels in the back room."

"I've always found the place very neat and clean myself," I objected.

"Don't be a fool," said the *Tribune* man who was telling the story. "I didn't say contracted. I said contacted, and a Yipsel is a member of the Young People's Socialist League. Ogden would have preferred to join the Young Pioneers but that is harder to get into than the Yipsels. It is about like the Union Club as compared to the Racquet, and anyhow Mr. Reid already belongs to the Union. But somehow or other he couldn't seem to make the YPSL. Of course he didn't quite get the idea. He thought that if he hung around long enough somebody would tap him on the shoulder and say, 'Go to your room.' That's the way he made Skull and Bones at Yale, but nobody tapped him for the YPSL."

"Perhaps they thought that Mr. Reid was too old to join a Young People's Socialist League," I suggested.

"Not at all," explained my friend, "there are Yipsels with long white beards. It wasn't Mr. Reid's maturity which kept him out but his class position. That hurt his feelings very much because he had a great ambition to be an agit prop in the A. N. P. A."

"It would make it a little easier," I complained, "if you would drop the radical jargon."

"I will forgive your ignorance," he continued, "but the A. N. P. A. is not a radical organization. It is the trade union of the newspaper owners and its full name is the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. Up to a short time ago Howard Davis, the publisher of the *Herald Tribune*, was the president of the A. N. P. A. It is a closed shop and it maintains an active lobby against the child-labor amendment and other legislation which might diminish newspaper profits. At any rate Ogden Reid got the idea that he might bore from within. Unfortunately he is not a good inside worker. When he sets out to do anything he does it frankly and openly. He began to activize the *Herald Tribune*, and to all reporters who had been on the paper more than twenty-five years he passed out Browder buttons.

"The next person on whom Ogden Reid's radical propaganda had a distinct effect was Geoffrey Parsons. Mr. Parsons used to be an amiable person who would come down to Blake's in off hours and play the match game. But of late it has been impossible to get him to take his nose out of 'Das Kapital.'

"Just how far Ogden Reid got outside the office there's no telling. I hear that he approached both Butch Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers and Arthur ('Bugs') Sulzberger of the *Times*, but that they both threw him down. At the very least they said that the time was not yet ripe. Of course, Ogden Reid felt that he would have to make his move before Walter Lippmann got back from Wading River. In fact they do say that he planned to have the 'I' key on Mr. Lippmann's typewriter wired to an infernal machine. Thus when Walter returned from his vacation and started to prepare his message the bomb would go off, killing the commentator and vastly amusing all the bystanders.

"There were others in on the plot but the cell, or nucleus, was very small—just Ogden Reid and his friends. Lippmann was to be back on a Tuesday, so the revolution was scheduled for Monday morning. The signal was a piece of copy sent out in Mr. Reid's own hand. It ran, 'Red Revolution at 10 a.m. punctually. This means you.' At the bottom the publisher penciled, 'O. M. R.—must.' Then, just to be on the safe side, he added, 'B. O. M.,' which means Business Office Must. Yet in spite of these precautions a proofreader spoiled the whole thing. He saw the item 'Red Revolution' and thought to himself, 'Isn't that silly! That ought to be Reid Revolution.' And he changed it accordingly.

"The make-up man asked, 'What the hell does this Reid Revolution mean?' 'I guess it means there's going to be a new towel in the washroom,' said the foreman of the composing room, and they both laughed and threw it on the floor.

"The next day Walter Lippmann returned and came out for Landon. They didn't even get around to putting the bomb in Mr. Lippmann's machine. Still Ogden took a mean revenge. He sneaked into Walter's office when he was out and penciled a mustache on his autographed picture of Governor Landon." HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Life of a Critic

THREE WORLDS. By Carl Van Doren. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IT IS Mr. Van Doren's peculiarity that, in the gusty office of literary critic, he has always kept his head. If this seems to be a commonplace achievement, then try to think of another who has done the same. All the rest, once they get above writing the review for the book, sprout the horns of evangelists and begin to gore heretics. But not Van Doren. He has had some hand in all the literary controversies that have soughed over New York since he first came to town, and in more than one of them his weight has counted, but I can't recall a time when he ever failed to be both just and polite to an opponent, or forgot the issue in the heat of the fight.

But to say so much is certainly not to accuse him of what he himself denounces, in this frank and amusing review of his first fifty years, as "the lazy, timid trick of thinking there is something to be said on both sides." His position has always been quite clear, and whenever there has been any direct challenge to the values he cherishes he has been an active partisan. But he has yet managed to remember that there is a ponderable difference between mortal error and mortal sin, and if that capacity has made him singular, then it is a singularity that has had its plentiful uses.

His basic doctrine is simple, and, as I think, completely sound. He is in favor, in the battle of ideas, of the utmost endurable degree of liberty, and he is in favor of any honest attempt to ascertain and state the truth. No rigid a priori theorizing. No harsh, hampering dogmas about the social, or political, or theological function of literature. Its one and only aim, as Joseph Conrad said, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, above all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything."

The end is thus always the same, but the routes to that end are almost as numerous as the pilgrims who tread them. Herman Melville tramping the sands of his forlorn shores. Elinor Wylie tripping along her street of transcendental gift shoppes. Dreiser stalking through the mud puddles down behind the railroad tracks. Dos Passos riding the parallels of latitude. Van Doren saw what was honest and significant and true in all of them, and, seeing it, he tried to make others see it too. It seems to me that his judgments, taking one with another, have been equitable far beyond the common, and that no other critic of his generation has been less upset by loud noises, loud colors, and loud smells.

His book deals with his literary adventures only in part. His writing is at its best, and the story he has to tell is most interesting, in his earlier chapters, which have to do with his nonage in a small Illinois village. It is a pleasure, in these days of autobiographical tear-squeezing, to discover an author who had a grand time as a boy, and plenty to eat, and no Freudian hallucinations, and a father who made a good living and was his own boss.

This, his first world, was the most spacious and charming. His second, the world of pedagogy, was narrow and stuffy, and he began to bulge out of it the moment he got into it. His third, in which he still moves and has his being, is wider but still not wide enough for a man of his enterprise and energy. More than once, tiring of writing about other men's books, he has ventured to concoct books of his own. So far, they have got much less notice than his critical works—mainly, I suspect, because he tried to put something of his critical precision into them. But in the present volume there are touches of a more Dionysian spirit. His self-imposed rein is looser. He exults and lets himself go; there are moments when he even whoops.

What a novel he could write about the literary quacks of New York!

H. L. MENCKEN

Our Paramount National Problem

RICH LAND, POOR LAND. By Stuart Chase. Whittlesey House. The McGraw-Hill Company. $2.50.

IF THE average substantial citizen is asked to name the most important problem that confronts the American nation, his reply will be, balancing the budget. By that he means the budget of income and outgo of the federal government. If we were to continue with deficits on the present scale for one generation, the burden of debt would be unbearable, and we should have to resort either to repudiation or to inflation. A grave problem, but there is another budgetary problem that is far graver. That is our budget with our natural resources. Deficits have been running against us since the landing in Jamestown. We have met them out of our national capital, and are still meeting them by this imprudent method. By overcutting our forests, overgrazing our pasture lands, overcultivating and carelessly cultivating our farm lands we are making heavy drains on that natural capital. It would be safe to say that our whole farm production is subsidized to at least 10 per cent of its value by drains upon our diminishing natural capital. We are reaching the limit, and if we go on with this kind of deficit production we shall in one generation encounter, not a paper redistribution of wealth among our citizens, such as repudiation or inflation involves, but actual hunger, bread riots, widespread social disorders.

To this paramount national problem Stuart Chase addresses his book, "Rich Land, Poor Land." It is a marvel of a book, text clear as crystal, illustrated by skilfully drawn charts and brilliant photographs by Charles Krutch. A fascinating book, in spite of the deeply discouraging story it tells, of a hundred million acres, which might have maintained a million families, utterly destroyed by water erosion; of nine million acres destroyed by wind and hundreds of millions of acres more yielding rapidly to wind and water erosion; of forests slashed to the quick and the ground burned over; of grazing lands turned into desert; of the tragic upsetting of the hydrologic cycle which has turned into disastrous run-off the water that should have been held in the soil, to support vegetation and to percolate to the lower levels and feed wells and springs. Our exploitative handling of forest, grazing, and tilled lands exaggerates floods and reduces the dry-season flow of our rivers to almost nothing. In the drought of the early nineties it required the skill of an Indian to swim across the Missouri at Sioux City. Last summer a man waded across.

Whether this acceleration of the flow of water to the sea affects the actual rainfall is not known. What is known is that the effects of a drought are far more disastrous when the water

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table sinks below the reach of tree roots and below the level of wells. It is known too that floods must become more severe as the run-off becomes more precipitate. Add to the fact of a greater occasional river flow the raising of river bottoms through silting, and one can see why a river in its lower reaches becomes a more and more treacherous neighbor. We are now engaged in a desperate race between the levee builders and the Mississippi. Every year the river bottom rises; the levees must be built higher, with broader bases, at staggering expense. As Stuart Chase puts it, we are setting the river up on stilts, where it may look far out over the surrounding plain. Sooner or later it will stumble, and we shall have our really record-breaking Mississippi flood. That is, if we continue our ruinous practice of exploitation.

There are, however, signs that we shall not continue it. Scientists and nature lovers had dinned the approaching national disaster in our deaf ears for a generation. The effect would have been negligible except for the luck of the American people in drawing from the Roosevelt family two powerful Presidents with economic-geographic minds. The first Roosevelt impressed upon us the meaning of forest conservation. If we are still cutting five times as much lumber as we are growing, nevertheless our area of national forests, scientifically managed, has been greatly extended through the impetus given by Theodore Roosevelt. Since his time we have built up a magnificent corps of forest administrators, fit to serve as a nucleus for the broader service of natural-resources administration we so desperately need. Franklin Roosevelt is no less alive to the need of forest conservation, but his imagination ranges forward to the whole problem—erosion control, the regulation of river flow, flood control, silt control, hydroelectric power. Future ages will count it a fortunate dispensation that a grave depression coincided with the administration of a statesman with a keen appreciation of natural resources. The unemployment crisis brought adequate support for the Tennessee Valley Authority and the systematic reconditioning of a river basin almost as large as England. Pity that a jangle over power competition should obscure in the minds of many good people the fact that we have in the Tennessee Valley project the most intelligent and majestic public enterprise in American history.

The depression gave us the C. C. C. and the opportunity to send out some hundreds of thousands of young men to learn the art of soil conservation and to serve as missionaries for this most important of causes. Two other pieces of American good luck will be noted by the future historian: the Supreme Court decision invalidating the old Triple-A and shifting crop control to the field of soil conservation, and the great drought, which has made even the most exclusive clubs realize that the protection of the natural base of our national life cannot properly be called boondoggling.

Stuart Chase has a geographer's sense of contours, an engineer's sense of quantities, a poet's sense of woods and ranges, wild nature, once lovely rivers now enslaved, defiled, rebellious. When he approaches finance his compass behaves erratically. To put our national estate in proper shape would cost, he estimates, five billion a year for twenty years, and the continuous labor of five million men. We know where the men are to come from. Our advancing technology assures a liberal supply of the unemployed. But the money? Stuart Chase darkly hints at what the government could do if it were its own banker. One surmises that some non-Euclidean fiat-money scheme is lurking in his mind.

What we must do to preserve our natural resources we shall have to pay for out of taxation revenues, although in time of depression we should use our credit boldly. If five billion a year is needed to protect our normal seventy-billion national income against irretrievable disaster, we can find it. But this earthy problem is not advanced toward solution by astronomical figures. It is not necessary for Washington to hold all the top soil of the United States in its official hands. The farmers of France and Germany have done this at their own expense from the time of the Caesars. The farmers of the United States will do a great part of the work of conservation, once we have developed a sound system of permanent agriculture. The help of government is needed to repair ancient mistakes. But the man who mixes his labor with the soil has always been the chief agent of conservation. Presently we shall find out how to let him live in comfort on his own unencumbered land and to develop that love of the soil without which no government, however wise, can maintain intact the basis of the food supply and the national life.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Whose Jefferson?

JEFFERSON IN POWER: THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF THE FEDERALISTS. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $3.75.

TODAY, as a sideshow to their war for votes, both of our great political parties are conducting what can only be called an ideological battle. Both turn to history and invoke the name of the vigorous ghost, the "patron saint" of democracy, Jefferson, to justify their ways to voters, rich and poor, black and white, Jew and Gentile. Whose Jefferson, we ask? The G.O.P.'s, or the New Deal's?

With this fairly burning question in our eye we come to Mr. Bowers's timely work on the Virginia philosopher-President for light on the real nature of the doctrines and interests that clashed in those other days of the republic. But "Jefferson in Power" yields only a few random hints in all its lengthy chronicle. Mr. Bowers's historical method is *simpliste* in the extreme, and allows of no sociological interpretation. As in his other books, all the world (of politics) is a stage. The scenery is noted; the "actors," quickly described at the beginning, are easily and simply ranged as heroes and villains. Then, dipping his heavy brush in all the colors of partisanship—for Mr. Bowers avows himself a "Jeffersonian"—the author rushes away upon a long, theatrical, and quite breathless word-painting of Jefferson's epoch, day by day, season by season.

An eventful and even tumultuous period in our history, these eight years; but also a highly intellectual age. Jefferson was a son of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, carrying forward a profoundly important and novel experiment in popular government. His letters and public papers and policies are the manual of democratic rule which he has left us. And though Mr. Bowers heartily champions Jefferson, he touches chiefly the surface of the man's thought. A magnificent subject, we must distinguish for ourselves its grand lines in the highly charged, rather heavyweight prose of Mr. Bowers's narration.

Jefferson's victory in 1800 was a "peaceful revolution" at the polls, as he said. A popular party, supported by landowners, chiefly in the South and West, overthrew the junto of Federalists under the direction of Hamilton, who habitually "mistrusted" the people. Jefferson aroused the country, in the tones of 1776, against the Federalist "money changers" and "royalists." In his first inaugural address he projected a "wise and frugal government" whose economies would lessen the burdens upon the masses of people and prevent privileged groups from exploiting them unduly. Diminished military and naval

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forces would remove further the menace of a possible autocratic rule. At his "court" in Washington the new President introduced the most austere democratic etiquette. All this ran counter to the policies of Hamilton, which had served the financial and manufacturing class so well, and appealed instead to the planters and farmers who composed more than 70 per cent of the population. The other phase of Jefferson's democratic action which is significant to us today is the contest he opened with the judiciary, which had been "packed" with Federalists under the Adams Administration. Here was a citadel of the government, the federal courts, greatly expanded, in which the adversaries had intrenched themselves for life; Jefferson proposed to reduce the provisions for its support, limiting thus its growing power over the rights of the states, not to speak of the federal legislature and the executive. On this front Jefferson came at once into collision with the formidable John Marshall, who "nullified," as we know, part of the legislative action of the majority party and established precedents and issues which run like a thread through our history.

So far, the action is all characteristically "Jeffersonian." But thereafter comes a tale of compromise and conciliation. As the Napoleonic wars engulfed Europe there were dangers and opportunities which could not be ignored. No "strict construction" of the Constitution, such as Jefferson argued for, could ever show any authorization for such a tremendous territorial acquisition as the "extravagant" Louisiana Purchase; and the embargo against trading with the belligerents of Europe, an emergency measure taken in the self-denying quest for peace and neutrality, certainly trampled on states' rights as no decree of King George had ever done. In many a public expression Jefferson used the ideology of the Enlightenment, with its dogmas of popular sovereignty, egalitarianism, and the ultimate triumph of the common man. But between theory and practice there was a large hiatus. Jefferson favored, but did not effectively advance, universal suffrage.

If Jefferson and his lieutenants had any consistent policy at heart, it was, as Henry Adams said bitterly in his "History," one of furthering in the national government "ideas and interests peculiar to the region south of the Potomac, and only to be understood from a Southern standpoint." Jefferson instinctively feared and hated the money-lending and capitalist class, while holding the tillers of the soil to be so far as he was concerned "the Chosen People." At the same time, he showed a vehement dislike and misunderstanding of the urban proletariat, the "mobs" of mechanics and artificers "piled upon each other" in the cities.

In truth, Jefferson presided as chief magistrate over a small, simple, agricultural and mercantile society which flourished wonderfully and which he trusted could be kept flourishing so long as it retained its overwhelmingly agrarian character. It was a very charming idyl—but neither of the great political parties of today, whose spokesmen profess to admire Jefferson, seriously consider returning to that bucolic idyl. Neither party proposes to abolish our General Motors companies, our monopolies with their billions of horse-power—phenomena which Mr. Jefferson could not foresee.

What would Jefferson with his eighteenth-century philosophy make of our Pittsburghs and Chicagos? Would he take his stand with Mr. Landon and the party which now stumps for government economy, reduction of the federal bureaucracy, and even, in some measure, the strengthening of states' rights? Or would he join with Mr. Roosevelt in his sallies against the Supreme Court's legislative vetoes? Would he applaud the Roosevelt solicitude for impoverished mechanics and farmers, and the Roosevelt philippics against finance capitalists—or the Liberty League's defense of "individualism" and the freedom of large business enterprises from government control? The former stockbroker, James Truslow Adams ("The Living Jefferson"), apparently contends that the philosopher-President would have cried anathema on the New Deal and all its public works; while the Democratic office-holder, Claude Bowers, suggests he would have given aid and comfort to Roosevelt.

The truth is that Jefferson, inconsistently enough, altered his doctrines in accordance with economic and partisan realities. Mr. Bowers does not seem to be aware that on the question of judiciary power Jefferson formerly stood in agreement with Hamilton, Adams, and Marshall in counting upon the Supreme Court to check the majority power of Congress. When he became President and found the court in the hands of his opponents, he underwent a change of heart. Who, then, is "Jeffersonian" now, and what is Jeffersonism?

If there is any useful parallel between Jefferson's age and our own, it is that once more a fundamental class struggle, broader, more complex than in the early republic, is discernible in the formal contest between the great professional parties. The old Roman of Monticello might well be appalled by our era of war, mass life, boom, and depression. But surely he would be too intelligent to be "Jeffersonian" in 1936.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Too Much Love

LETTERS TO AN ARTIST: FROM VINCENT VAN GOGH TO ANTON VAN RAPPARD (1881-1885). The Viking Press. $3.50. (Limited edition, $10.)

SINCE Van Gogh has become America's favorite painter (as this is written, the traveling exhibition of his work has already been seen by more than 700,000 people, and by the time it goes back to Holland probably over a million will have seen it), the publication in this country of the artist's recently discovered early letters, translated from the Dutch by Rela van Messel with an introduction by Walter Pach, is both timely and appropriate.

Ours are today an unsentimental land and age—except where Van Gogh is concerned. So this shall be a sentimental review. Futility is pathetic: realization of futility is tragic. Fortunately for us all, Van Gogh was not tragic. He never became convinced that the world did not want him. So we have again the old story: human beings breaking an artist's heart and then taking it back on their bended knees after he is dead.

Van Gogh, inept and heavy handed in personal relations (words were not his idiom, though he spoke and wrote well at times), was over tender and longing in spirit. Attempts at companionship with the aristocratic academician to whom these letters were written, attempts at making group artists out of peasants, attempts at rendering an ailing, abandoned mother, and two children, happy—these are all of a piece with his later attempts in France to found in good-will a painters' commune, to be a comrade to the bullying Gauguin, to befriend prostitutes. All his career was consistent, including his final insanity and suicide. He was a man who loved too much.

Even in these early letters "To love what we love" is his battle cry, and he asks how people can give their best efforts elsewhere, "treating that which they love as a stepchild, instead of surrendering themselves frankly to the irresistible impulse of their hearts." "The more we love the more we act," he wrote. Until one finds this clue to its strangeness, his life will seem like a string of beads without the string.

It all becomes clear in the first of the letters now before us.

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THIS LIGHT Can Save 5000 Lives a Year

AND it can save the suffering caused by more than 80,000 unnecessary accidents; it can prevent an annual economic loss of more than $180,000,000—death, injury, waste that are the result of preventable night accidents. This fearful toll can be stopped by the adequate lighting of the primary highways of the nation.

Already the golden-orange, danger-dissipating light of sodium lamps is lifting the terror that lurks on dark roads. As these lamps illuminate more and more miles of highway, they will save thousands of Americans otherwise doomed to meet injury or death in night accidents. Sodium lamps are among the latest of the many aids to safety to which the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, has made important contributions.

But research in light is only one of the many fields in which G-E scientists are helping you. The new manufacturing methods which they have developed have reduced the price you pay for necessities. The new products they have provided have stimulated industry, have created new employment, have raised the living standard of the nation.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Van Gogh's touching eagerness for visits with Rappard, his desire to praise Rappard's work reveal this life-longing for affection. Yet he could not endure the condensed milk of art, and had to shout that the academicians are "not worth a dime."

The next year, however, found Van Gogh still writing letters. He explains anew why he took in the sick woman, "one foot in her grave, mentally as well as physically," her only chance of recovery "in a normal, regular home life." He is undaunted. "Notwithstanding some nasty, yes, very nasty experiences since I took this woman and her two children into my home, the encounter has brought me a certain serenity. . . ."

He is working furiously, has a vision of "art . . . not made only by hands, but of a deeper source." He preaches to Rappard; the friendship totters. Another year. Van Gogh reproaches Rappard for not writing, humbles himself under past criticisms. He beseeches Rappard to come and visit him. He longs for "a *chance* to find understanding." But he cannot forbear stabbing back again: "The worst of all evils is self-righteousness." He still loves too much.

The last year. Van Gogh—a child hurt in the dark—"I have just received your letter. . . . I hereby return it. . . ." In it Rappard had called his work "superficial," "unreal," "exceedingly weak!!" "Such work cannot be taken seriously," writes the superior academician. "Art is too great a thing to be treated so carelessly!" Van Gogh replies that Rappard is "insulting." Again affection intervenes. "Do you want to break with me?" he sadly asks. "I put too much heart in my work to be insincere . . . your letter was not just . . ." he cries. Then, "Do not quarrel with me." But Van Gogh cannot endure it. "Time will show whether your criticism of my work and of myself were justified or not," he challenges. Finally more pleadings: "We must stop bickering. . . . I am at the end of my wits . . . do not fight with me. . . ." But he cannot help calling Rappard "more tedious and drier than ever!"

Van Gogh had once more loved, and told the truth, too often. He did not want to lose a friend; but nothing infuriates people like receiving justice—and he lost one. The rest is hopeless. Difficult? Of course Van Gogh was difficult. To his dying day he never learned that the love of an uncomprehending soul implies no honor.

CYRIL KAY-SCOTT

Mr. Eliot Glances Up

ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THIS is a new edition of "For Lancelot Andrewes," the slender volume of essays which Mr. Eliot published eight years ago with a preface announcing his position as royalist in politics, classicist in literature, and Anglo-Catholic in religion. He omits the preface now because it has "more than served its turn" and because it has misled too many readers into supposing that in his mind "all these three were inextricable and *of equal importance.*" The italics are Mr. Eliot's, and refer to an ascending importance which time has established among the famous three. Nothing is said any more, indeed, about royalism at all. And classicism informs but a single discourse. The emphasis is all upon religion; by which Mr. Eliot means the Christian religion and more particularly Anglo-Catholicism; and in the high light of which he examines the contemporary world. Two of the essays which he has struck out of the present edition, those on Middleton and Crashaw, were perhaps too merely literary to please him. The essay on Machiavelli would have continued to serve his purpose had he kept it here where it so brilliantly belongs.

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For some reason he has not kept it; but for certain very plain reasons he has added three uncollected pieces on the eternal aspects of literature, politics, and education, and he has been content to represent himself as a critic of writing with two further pieces on Pascal and Tennyson.

The position he maintains here—maintaining it with that unique talent of his for being at the same time delicately ironic and fanatically firm—was anticipated in the essay on Irving Babbitt's humanism which he has held over from the earlier book. Mr. Eliot's objection to Mr. Babbitt's morals was that they were after all personal to Mr. Babbitt; lacking the religious reference as they did, they were simply one more attempt by modern man to save himself. Mr. Eliot has grown more and more sure during these eight years that man cannot save himself, and his review of the current chaos is a series of nods in the direction of schemes which will not work because their authors have taken the short view and ignored "the primacy of the supernatural over the natural life." Contemporary literature is by and large "degrading" because it knows no other life than this one; contemporary affairs are mismanaged because we have lost respect for that "other-worldly wisdom" without which worldly wisdom can never be complete; and contemporary education is meaningless because most teachers have forgotten that their problem is at bottom religious. The universal sin is secularism, under whose blind guidance we follow low ideals to the inevitable moment of disillusion—it is only the Catholic, with his absolute ideals and his moderate expectations, who cannot be disillusioned—and then stumble off, still hopeful, in another wild direction. Fascism and socialism, not to speak of the elective system in education, are heresies because their glance is ahead, not up; and because they subscribe to the tragic faith that man is sufficient unto himself. Confidence in the League of Nations is for Mr. Eliot an illustration of "that exaggerated faith in human reason to which people of undisciplined emotions are prone"; and the notion of letting students educate themselves is a sign of our having forgotten that "no one can become really educated without having pursued some study in which he took no interest—for it is a part of education to *learn to interest ourselves* in subjects for which we have no aptitude."

All of this is interesting, and it would be folly in the present state of affairs to assume without question that it is untrue. There is more truth in Mr. Eliot than there is in many a contemporary prophet to whom he will sound archaic and fantastic. The strange thing is that he speaks in the end with so little force and gives so little assurance that it is the world which he desires to save. The suspicion that it is himself—that he is only one step beyond Mr. Babbitt in the personal race for cover from the hailstones of our unbalmy time—arises if nowhere else from the circumstance that his essay on Pascal's "Pensées" is so much the most powerful essay here; and from the intimation of an affinity which he has felt for one who possessed in such high degree "the sensibility to feel the disorder, the futility, the meaninglessness, the mystery of life and suffering," as well as the need to "find peace through a satisfaction of the whole being." But the suspicion may be entertained by any serious reader on any page of this after all too tentative book. Mr. Eliot has suggested rather than substantiated a human world order, and his humility in doing so is perhaps more exquisite than it should be. What are we to make, considering the sternness with which he has announced the necessity of our learning to interest ourselves in subjects for which we have no aptitude, of his protestations again and again that he knows almost nothing about politics, economics, and science? How then are we to know

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which "ways of reorganizing the mechanisms of this world" are good in the degree to which such things in his opinion can be good? For he cannot tell us. He can merely reiterate, sometimes with an inflection like that of any curate, his faith in the enduring primacy of God's kingdom. And nothing that he says puts down the suspicion that he is as innocent of theology as he is of economics. If this is so, then he cannot be serious. He remains a literary critic of great charm and acumen; one furthermore who is skilful in the art of announcing distinctions—between mediation and compromise, say, or between unity and uniformity—which there never is time to exhaust; but one who, straying into immense subjects with only his "sensibility" to guide him, may add at best a few grace notes to the already roaring confusion. MARK VAN DOREN

The New Deal Reviewed

HALF WAY WITH ROOSEVELT. By Ernest Lindley. The Viking Press. $2.50.

A PROGRAM FOR MODERN AMERICA. By Harry W. Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

MR. LINDLEY'S new study of the Roosevelt regime places him in the front rank of commentators on the American political scene. He observed the future President day by day when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor, and from the time Mr. Roosevelt was nominated until Mr. Lindley was sent to report Governor Landon's doings he chronicled Mr. Roosevelt's career every single day for the *Herald Tribune,* with a detachment creditable alike to that newspaper and to himself. But Mr. Lindley has not been content to be a mere recorder of the President's doings; he has made himself a most careful student of men and events in Washington, where he has himself grown in his powers of analysis and interpretation, his sureness of touch, his ability to portray the political scene as it is.

For all Mr. Lindley's liking for the President, he discusses him with an obvious effort to be critical. He writes so well that the story grows steadily more absorbing, and compels admiration for its clarity of style and its remarkable handling of the mass of material with which the author was confronted. It is interspersed with subtle humor, with complete understanding of the genus politician and of the stupidities of the "economic royalists" who have so long been the masters of America, and with extremely clever use of quotations from Theodore Roosevelt, from Hoover and other reactionaries, and from the recent decisions of the minority of the Supreme Court. Despite its bias in favor of the New Deal it is hardly too much to say that no one who has not read this book can discuss the Roosevelt regime with complete knowledge and understanding. Those who disagree with Mr. Lindley's attitude will have to admit that they have learned a lot and that Mr. Lindley is frank and candid throughout except in his title, deliberately chosen, I suppose, to puzzle us as to its exact meaning. The book ought to be on every editor's desk for its facts, figures, and interpretations, and on every business man's, too.

As for his criticisms, Mr. Lindley feels that the NRA was a total failure from which the President was luckily rescued, and that the President made a bad beginning in the field of foreign policy. He thinks Mr. Roosevelt ought to have done something in 1933 about the Supreme Court, but he is free to confess he does not know what. The President was too optimistic about the forces of natural or semi-natural recovery, and, *mirabile dictu,* Mr. Lindley accuses him of not having adopted an aggressive spending policy! That one of his worst

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failures was in not making a comprehensive attack upon the housing problem Mr. Lindley records, and also his slowness and inadequacy in resorting to taxation to encourage spending, and his failure to see that he was sure to lose generally the support of big business, industrialists, and financiers, and therefore must waste no time seeking to compromise with them. He also frankly admits that the President is a poor disciplinarian and slow to rid himself of incompetent aides.

As for the credit side, Mr. Lindley lists sixteen achievements, such as the TVA, the social-security legislation, such as it is, the humane relief policy, the President's efforts to protect collective bargaining, his taking a long step toward establishing the principle that everybody is entitled to a job. He sums it all up thus:

> In the aggregate Mr. Roosevelt's accomplishments in three years have been prodigious. Most fundamental of all, he revived faith in the democratic system of government by proving that it was not helpless in the face of a great crisis. He has given the nation a chance to make fundamental adjustments and created at least a moderate amount of hope that it can continue to make them in an orderly manner. He has set or encouraged several trends which point toward a reasonable degree of economic democracy, without which we might as well ring down the curtain now and look around for a totalitarian dictator.

Finally, it must be added that there has been no more thoughtful or searching study of the President himself, his character, the effect upon him of his antecedents, his inherited wealth, and the other influences which have made him what he is. Mr. Lindley insists that the President has had a social philosophy all the way through. About Mr. Farley, too, he takes the unconventional viewpoint: "Eight years of observation of Mr. Farley have convinced me that he is one of the most energetic and efficient men in public life. In my opinion he is better as an administrator than as a politician." This may be true, but Mr. Farley has profoundly affronted the moral sense of the country and therefore served the President and the nation extremely badly.

Were there space I should like to question Mr. Lindley's attitude toward the Hull tariff policy, the big-navy policy, and other phases of the New Deal. But I am compelled to admiration by Mr. Lindley's achievement as a whole, and especially its complete demolition of the absurdities of those who charge the President with trying to "scrap the Constitution," ruin our institutions, "destroy the American system," and make us all bolsheviks. Unfortunately the book suffers from slovenly proofreading and especially from the absence of an index.

Mr. Laidler's volume is an even greater storehouse of facts and figures concerning the New Deal and cognate happenings in other countries, and in addition makes an effort to supply a socialistic program. It is by no means as entertaining as Mr. Lindley's book. It is more a study of the general situation of the United States than a specific inquiry into the New Deal as such. The book would be improved by printing the program in a couple of pages instead of compelling the reader to fish it out of every chapter. But it is, like all of Mr. Laidler's work, an honest, sincere, and painstaking bringing together of valuable facts necessary to an understanding of the existing situation in the world. The reader must be prepared, however, to find that Mr. Laidler believes in nothing short of abolishing the profit system and "a complete reorganization of our social order." There is an excellent appendix on the cooperative movement. These two books together will supply the inquiring mind with all the information needed for an understanding of where we are and what is before us.

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Rubber: A Realistic History

RUBBER. A STORY OF GLORY AND GREED. By Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici-Friede. $4.25.

"ROMANCES" of great commodities are numerous. Some of them are interesting, a few even charming. Most of them, however, are distortions of reality, opiates that dull the critical senses. This book on rubber is refreshingly free from romancing. What is more, it is consciously and severely realistic, honest to the core.

The story of rubber is told against a grandiose panorama stretching from the jungles of the Amazon, the Congo, and Malaya to the centers of modern rubber-using industries and again to the remotest corners of the earth to which automobiles and electric cables reach. As background there is a magnificent chiaroscuro of glory and greed, of the unselfish devotion of such inventors as Goodyear and Nieuwland, and of bestialities that would be truly incredible if they were not documented by government reports and court records.

Rubber is a newcomer among the great commodities. Its drama unfolds in less than a century. To be sure the Indians of Central and South America for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years had been making numerous tools and utensils from various gums: but as a commodity in the modern sense rubber did not come into its own until steam opened up the vast transportation system of the Amazon and its tributaries, and until Goodyear through vulcanization unlocked the myriad-fold utilities of rubber. From then on the drama unfolded with a swiftness which left man dumbfounded, groping in the dark, realizing the true significance of rubber developments long after the event—usually too late.

The volume is divided into five books. The first is merely a prologue, covering the pre-commercial stage. Book Two is the story of wild rubber, its orgies in both South America and Africa. Its high marks are the condensed accounts of the Putumayo and Congo atrocities. Book Three is the story of plantation rubber. It covers not only the agricultural and technological aspects but also the financial, managerial, and other economic and social phases of this great venture of the white man in the tropics. Surprising to many readers will be the suggestion that the small-patch native rubber grower, especially of the Dutch East Indies, may well come out ahead in his struggle with the highly rationalized corporation-controlled plantation. Book Four contains the record of the great inventions and technological achievements on which the modern rubber-manufacturing industry rests, while Book Five tells the story of this industry itself with its ups and downs, its labor troubles, its titanic struggles between industrialists and financiers.

Throughout this volume we meet with real people of flesh and blood, villains as black as those of the cheapest melodrama, heroes whose unselfish devotion to great ideals arouses not only our admiration but our affection. Among the villains there stands out a certain "Coburg," better known to most readers as Leopold II, King of the Belgians. Among the heroes may be mentioned Edmund Dene Morel, and Benjamin Saldaña Rocca, who deserve much of the credit for having exposed conditions in the Congo and Putumayo and who through this courageous publicity contributed much to their alleviation. It would be easy to point to at least a score of biographical sketches and characterizations which are veritable gems. Throughout this study we run into any number of interesting people in the most unexpected places. We encounter Joseph Conrad as Captain Korzeniowski on the Congo River; we meet André Gide in Equatorial Africa. We find Thomas Fortune Ryan of Tammany Hall and New York traction fame in the company of King

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Leopold. We learn that Thomas A. Edison dabbled in Mexican rubber stock, being associated with the Obispo Rubber Plantation Company.

Of equal excellence are the technological and economic discussions. The difficult and often highly intricate material is handled with unusual skill, so that even the general reader can not only gain a clear insight but fully appreciate the significance of underlying forces and hidden trends. The story of the technological progress is indeed astounding. The best that the wild-rubber industry had ever been able to do was to furnish a maximum of forty thousand tons of rubber at a minimum normal price of seventy cents a pound. Today the plantations and native growers actually furnish close to a million tons and could readily supply very much more than that amount at a cost which probably ranges as low as three and not much over eight cents a pound.

Viewed as a whole the book is an excellent illustration of the destructive power of the early get-rich-quick form of commercial capitalism. At the same time it holds out the hope that a broader and wiser view is gaining ground. The short-run commodity viewpoint of the trader appears to be yielding in many instances to the longer resource viewpoint of those responsible for the billions invested in giant plantations and huge factory agglomerations. The story of wild rubber is perhaps the most impressive object lesson in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, showing that exploitation of man and nature does not pay. If this book had no other merit than that of driving home this point—and it has many more besides—it would deserve a place of honor in the library of the generally cultured reading public.

ERICH W. ZIMMERMANN

A Modern Robin Hood

PRETTY BOY. By William Cunningham. Vanguard Press. $2.

MUCH as William Cunningham is to be commended for his ingenious attempt to extend the area of social fiction into the underworld, the value of his proletarian gangster as a social symbol is highly questionable. Based on the life and legend of "Pretty Boy" Floyd, one of the recent claimants to the title of Public Enemy No. 1, "Pretty Boy" is the story of a romantic and humane desperado. Reckless, brooding, sentimental, Pretty Boy speeds through a succession of bank holdups until his nerves break and he is trapped and shot down by a company of G-men. His funeral is attended by thousands of neighboring farmers, who mourn him as the "friend of the poor." A Robin Hood in modern dress—robbing the rich and helping the poor—Pretty Boy is presented as a small-time gangster who hit the headlines but was really being exploited by the more powerful racketeers who make more money with fewer risks. Cunningham plausibly suggests that Pretty Boy was launched on his anarchic career by the poverty and injustice he suffered in early life. But in his social philosophy of sympathy for the poor working people and hatred for the bankers and their gangster hirelings, Pretty Boy is evidently unique in his profession. Hence Cunningham's portrait of him as a social rebel has more meaning as biography than as fiction, for the significance of the gangster today is that of a "fit" rather than a misfit. In general, "Pretty Boy" hovers between biography and fiction. Other characters emerge only in fragments, and the action lunges, for the most part, through a single dimension. In many places the story reads like one of the telescoped biographies in the novels of Dos Passos.

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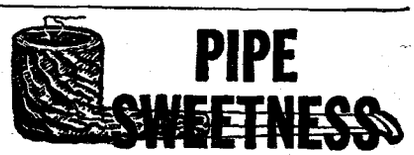

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RECORDS

BEETHOVEN'S thirty-two sonatas for piano record a spiritual and artistic development that has led certain commentators to regard him not only as the greatest composer but as the greatest artist the world has known. In the two movements of the last sonata, Opus 111, we have the culmination of the long spiritual experience: in the first movement a last grim statement of the inner conflict; in the second—the most wonderful of all movements—the super-earthly exaltation and illumination that Beethoven attained at the end. In this movement there is the fullest, richest elaboration of what has been heard in the conclusion of Opus 110, and before that in the conclusion of Opus 109, and of what has indeed manifested itself in the same way—the efflorescence into trills in the extraordinary concluding variation of Opus 109. The work, in short, stands in relation to the sonatas as the Ninth—which embodies the same experience in its first and third movements—stands in relation to the symphonies; and a recording of it (Columbia: three records, $5) is therefore one of the outstanding events of the year—the more since the only other recording, that of Artur Schnabel, was issued by subscription and is now unobtainable.

Egon Petri's performance is that of an excellent musician; the first movement is without Schnabel's technical imperfections; the second movement is recorded with greater clarity; and its concluding section is not broken. That, however, is because the second movement is played on four records instead of Schnabel's five; and this is achieved by a somewhat faster tempo than Schnabel's and at the cost of the repose, the spaciousness of his performance, which are essential to a full realization of the movement's emotional implications. But those who are not under my disadvantage of having Schnabel's performance in mind will be impressed by Petri's, and rightly.

Columbia's September list is further enriched by Beethoven's Quartet Opus 59 No. 1 in the performance of the Roth String Quartet (five records, $7.50). The Roth group is not heard at its best pumping up vigor for Beethoven; but this is Beethoven in a less vigorous, more reflective mood, and played with beautiful sensitiveness and warmth. And notable, also, in its beauty of tone, distinction of phrasing, and technical ease is Emanuel Feuermann's playing in Haydn's Concerto for 'Cello (four records, $6). The accompaniment by an unnamed orchestra under Malcolm Sargent is not, however, equally distinguished.

In two-record sets (each $3) Columbia offers an excellent performance of Wagner's "Faust" Overture by the London Philharmonic under Beecham, with the Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin" on the fourth side; and Fauré's Ballade for Piano and Orchestra Opus 19, to which the suave superficiality of Marguerite Long's playing is better suited than it was to Mozart. The orchestra is not named; the conductor is Gaubert. And on two single discs ($2) is some charming music by Grétry—a ballet suite, "La Rosière Républicaine," which ends with the "Carmagnole" but which in other parts shows as much relation to the French Revolution as Shostakovich's music—the music, not the words or the accompanying ideology—showed to the Russian Revolution even before the change in official party line on the subject. It is well played by the Grand Orchestre Philharmonique under Selmar Meyrowitz.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Masses in Russia and in France

Dear Sirs: Léon Trotsky is right when he writes in your issue of August 8 of "the distrust or the half-trust of the workers" in the People's Front government and its willingness and ability to satisfy the workers' demands. But as everyone knows, France is primarily a country of about 5,500,000 small landowners, of approximately 1,000,000 small independent shopkeepers and innkeepers, and of over 1,500,000 state employees. Allowing two dependents to each representative of the three preceding classes, we find a total of some 25,000,000 out of 42,000,000 souls in France in what may be called the nucleus of the petty bourgeoisie. Rightly or wrongly, most of them feel that their interest lies in the so-called liberal capitalistic status quo. As for "the 200 families" and their hundreds of thousands of upper-class followers all over France, they *know* that their interest lies in the status quo. The working class, industrial and agricultural, lies somewhere within the remaining 17,000,000. On the basis of numbers alone Trotsky's predictions of a new French Revolution of the proletariat seem farfetched. . . .

Like the United States, France has had too long a democratic tradition to allow itself to engage in such a proletarian revolution as Trotsky imagines. Trotsky cannot get over the amazing ease with which a handful of scattered, exiled revolutionaries and a few thousand strikers led 160,000,000 peasants without land. They led them autocratically and they have held them thus ever since. (The new Russian constitution is as yet only a very bright light in the future.) Anyone even superficially acquainted with Russian political and economic history can easily understand the traditional obedience of the Russian masses to their despotic masters. These masses were illiterate, down-trodden, unorganized, used to vague communal land tenure based on supposedly recurrent redistributions. In France there is no majority class with all these traits.

Briefly, in Russia the masses meant unorganized peasants without possessions; in France they comprise three main groups —small landowners, small business people, and small bureaucrats. The Russian masses were badly exploited before 1917 and craved a change; the French have been less and less exploited since 1789 and are inclined to maintain things pretty much as they are. With such an attitude predominant in France, I really believe that when the crisis comes, the fascist counter-revolution of which Trotsky writes will have the best chance of survival, at least for some time to come.

ALFRED J. BINGHAM

New York, August 9

"America Under the Trees"

Dear Sirs: We have read with great interest the article America Under the Trees, in your August 29 issue, in which reference is made to certain conditions in Kansas City, and specifically to the newspaper situation.

The *Journal-Post* is listed and is conducted as an independent newspaper and is not violently Republican as the article stated. Ever since the two major-party conventions we have attempted to analyze as closely as possible what we held to be the weaknesses in both platforms and campaigns to date, rather than to take sides specifically "for" one candidate.

Toward the end of the article the statement is made that in Kansas the Democratic vote in the primary "showed a surprising total of over 200,000, at least 53,000 more votes than were ever polled by Democrats in any Kansas election." Our Topeka, Kansas, correspondent, W. G. Clugston, a man who pays close attention to political and state matters, advises me that the official count shows that in the recent primary the Democratic candidates for governor received 153,704 votes, and that the all-time high record of Democratic votes in any Kansas primary was set in 1934, when the total vote for governor was 155,355.

W. LAURENCE DICKEY,
Editor, *Journal-Post*

Kansas City, Mo., September 5

Mr. Ward Apologizes

Dear Sirs: I have taken *The Nation* for quite a number of years because I admire its breadth of view and independence of thought. I have come to rely in most cases on the accuracy of statements in the articles appearing in your publication, but in your issue of August 8, in the article by Paul Ward, his inaccuracy in regard to Minnesota is so glaring that it makes me distrust his whole article. He says: "To this list were added five states, Indiana, Iowa, Idaho, Minnesota, and Oregon. All have Democratic governors."

Governor Olson of Minnesota was elected by the Farmer-Labor Party, is not a Democrat, and has never professed any allegiance to that party.

Later on, in referring to Landon's chances in Minnesota, Mr. Ward says: "Minnesota has one Democrat and no Republicans in Congress." As a matter of fact, Minnesota is represented in Congress by five Republicans, one Democrat, and three Farmer-Labor Congressmen.

THOMAS F. WALLACE

Minneapolis, August 10

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wallace has me on the hip. I must plead guilty to both of the errors charged. In extenuation I hope he will let me plead that the errors are as inexplicable to me as apparently they are

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to Mr. Wallace. The chart I had worked out as the basis for the article had the distribution of Congressmen in Minnesota properly noted and on that basis I can say at least that the misstatement in this respect in no wise affected the conclusions of the piece. As for the error in giving Minnesota a Democratic governor, I think it immaterial in the context in which it was used, and even if that were not enough, there follows soon after the error a sentence correctly stating that Minnesota's governor was a Farmer-Laborite. I regret that these two slips have made Mr. Wallace distrustful of the whole piece. So may I add that since receiving his letter I have carefully checked and rechecked all the statements of fact in the article, comparing them with official records and finding no other flaws. PAUL W. WARD
Washington, September 5

Maybe a Little Better

Dear Sir: Your editorial in the issue of August 15, grieves me much—awful much. How could you? It is probably O. K. to call Moe a gunman and a racketeer. But *Nation,* dear *Nation,* there is a limit. Why was it necessary as a parting shot to say he is no better than the Chicago *Tribune?* JOHN WILLARD
Minneapolis, Minn., August 17

CONTRIBUTORS

McALISTER COLEMAN is a journalist with long experience in power politics. He has been head of the information bureau of the Utility Users' Protection League of New Jersey and codirector of the National Committee on Coal and Power.

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American journalist who has been in Palestine since the beginning of the Arab strike. He has run all the personal risks of the war correspondent in obtaining first-hand information about one of the bitterest national struggles of the present day. His article, Why Arabs Kill Jews, published in *The Nation* last spring, has been widely reprinted.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD, a feature writer for the New York *World-Telegram,* is the author of two novels, "True Love" and "Personal Combat," the latter to be published in November.

H. L. MENCKEN, as editor of the *Smart Set* during the Literary Twenties, first brought to national recognition many of the writers discussed in Carl Van Doren's book. Mr. Mencken has lately published a revised edition of his pioneering work on "The American Language."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of "The Robber Barons," a study of the great American capitalists, is now planning a book on nineteenth-century American politics and politicians.

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